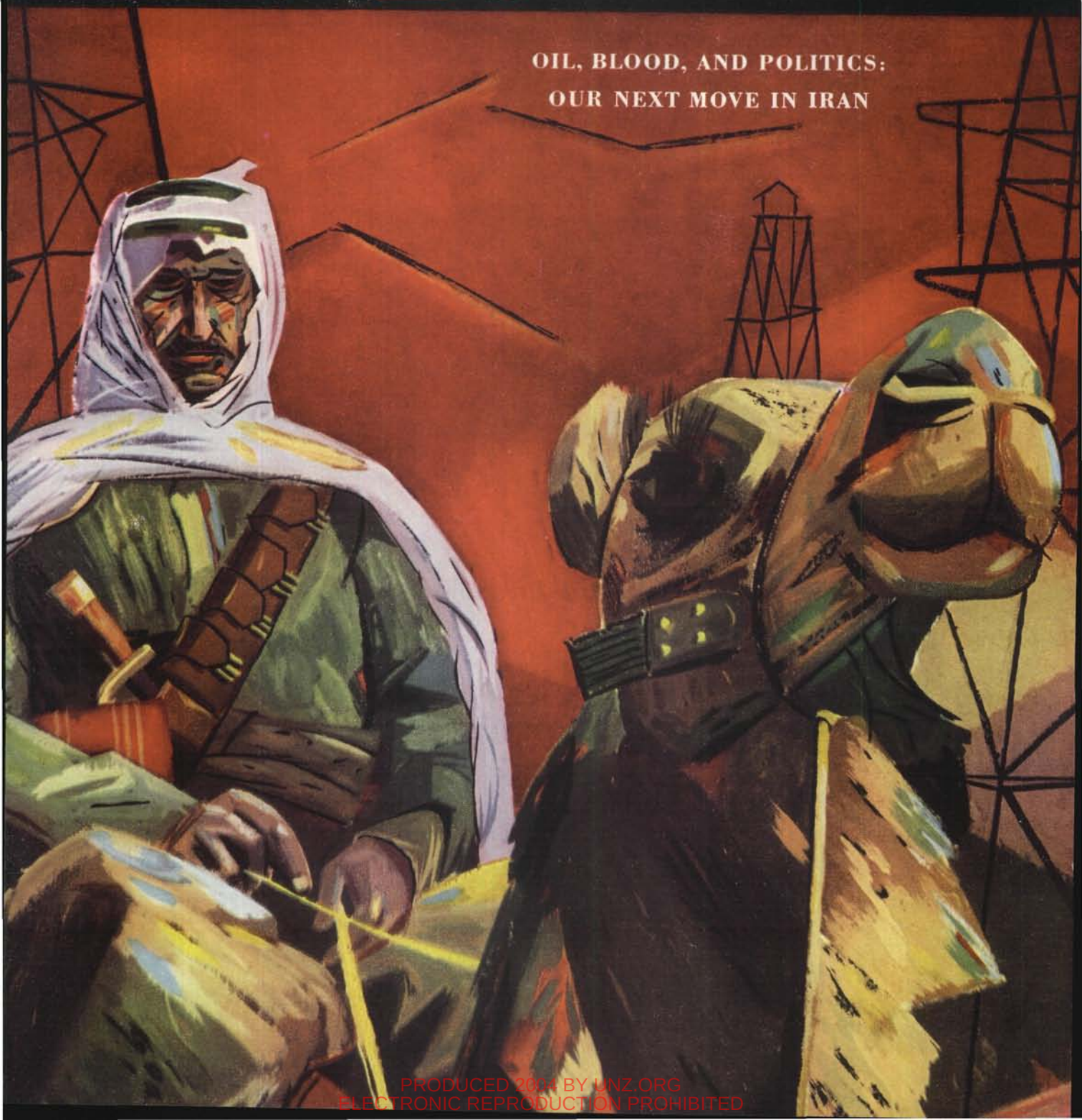
The Mess in Trieste

The Reporter

November 10, 1953 25c

OIL, BLOOD, AND POLITICS:
OUR NEXT MOVE IN IRAN



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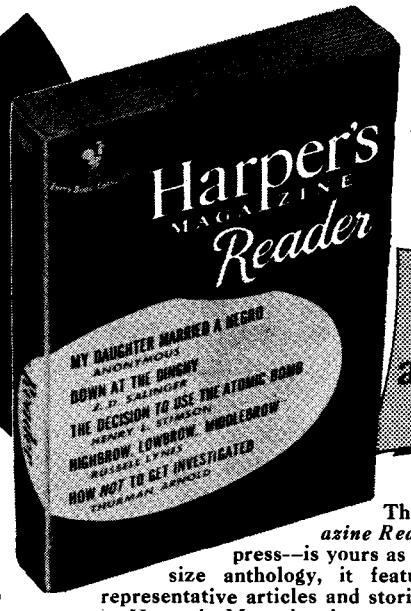

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William Attwood

WASHINGTON RIF. It is a worthy aim to reduce government expenditures by laying off surplus employees—but the difficulty is that in government you can't just lay off employees—you have to "rif" them. A game of "musical chairs" ensues at a cost (yes, to the taxpayer) of about $1,300 per employee. *Ruth Adams*

THE MASS-PRODUCED SUBURBS. A reporter's report on a new generation's version of the "American way" as lived in such communities as Levittown, Lakewood and Park Forest—where you find no established social order, no first families, no wrong side of the tracks.
Harry Henderson

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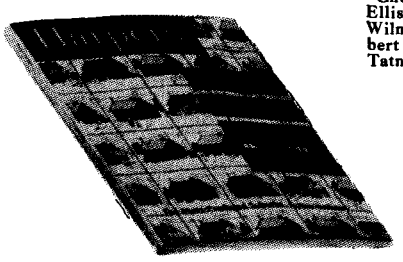
CINCINNATI: THE CITY THAT LICKED CORRUPTION. Cincinnati stands as the largest city in the United States to make good municipal government last for a generation. This is the story of how it began and why it continues to work—resulting in low tax and fire-insurance rates, and a high degree of efficiency in civil service. *W. H. Hessler*

EVOLUTION UP TO DATE. Recent discoveries and definitive studies of many new fossils have at last filled the "missing link" between man and the apes, indicating that the period of evolution from ape-man to *homo sapiens* may have been hundreds of thousands of years shorter than had been believed. *Ruth Moore*

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE: "The Englishman Laughs" by V. S. Pritchett, "Church and State—An American Catholic Tradition" by John Tracy Ellis, "The Seducers" by Katherine Anne Porter, "The Pen Friend" by Wilmer Hamilton, and the regular departments of Bernard DeVoto, Gilbert Highet, and "Mr. Harper"—plus The New Recordings by Edward Tatnall Canby.



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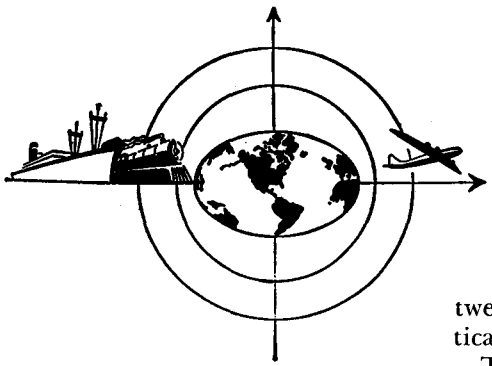

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Trieste

The Trieste affair is a textbook case of how not to conduct our foreign policy. To reconcile the opposite interests of Italy and Yugoslavia we stir up nationalist passions in both countries to a frenzy. To strengthen our anti-Communist coalition and our influence in the nations we assist, we put in most serious jeopardy the prestige of the men who run two of these nations. Our diplomacy doesn't seem to be satisfied with one Syngman Rhee threatening to march across the Thirty-Eighth Parallel. Another one has been mobilized now, ready to send his Patton tanks rumbling into Zone A as soon as an Italian soldier sets foot there.

Since Marshal Tito first rose to his doubtful fame, the whole world on both sides of the Curtain has come to know what an intractable character he is. It could easily be foreseen that, if his pride were hurt, he would follow the example set by the Seoul autocrat. But it must be granted that it takes an unusual degree of diplomatic skill to turn such an utterly civilized man as Premier Giuseppe Pella into another Syngman Rhee.

OUR DIPLOMACY and its chief architect, Mr. Dulles, have lately received fulsome tributes in the press. This magazine would like nothing better than to join in the acclaim if only we could find one valid reason for doing so.

Regretfully, we cannot. The Trieste affair, we are afraid, is just the latest and most shocking evidence of something which is quite wrong with American diplomacy and with the established ways of selecting the highest diplomats. What is wrong, we think, is the schizophrenia between the strategic aims and the tactical means of our foreign policy.

This nation has committed itself to building up a network of interlocking confederations and alliances, all dedicated to the cause of freedom. But when it comes to putting this farsighted policy into effect, our diplomacy still prefers to get into a huddle with each nation separately, one by one. The corners in the corridors are still preferred to the conference hall or committee room.

In the Trieste case, the touchy Foreign Minister of a touchy nation, France, was given no hint of what our State Department, with the grumbling co-operation of the British Foreign Office, had been concocting. It also happened that France's aid in picking up the pieces had to be welcomed. Now, if the irate nationalisms of the two nations involved can ever be assuaged, the Trieste problem may be dealt with in an international conference—exactly the same kind of conference that should have been called in the first place.

Our diplomats abroad have a particular fondness for singling out as their pet friends smooth and plausible—and English-speaking—statesmen and foreign-office functionaries. This frequently leads to serious misplacement of American confidence, to the uncritical underwriting of the prejudices and secret aims prevailing among high-placed fair-weather friends of America. The tendency to "adopt" foreign countries or special cliques in foreign countries has played havoc with our diplomacy ever since, a couple of decades ago, we started having one commensurate with our new responsibilities.

The pity of it all is that the Trieste mishap, the chain breeding of Syngman Rhees, to a very large extent comes from good intentions coupled with inexperience. This is the case, of course, particularly when diplomats are appointed to high positions abroad because of the virtues they exhibited at election time. Among the most brilliant people in this category it is not difficult sometimes to find smartness with little wisdom, good will with little judgment, and an intemperate, fretful urge to do the right thing in the wrong way at the wrong time.

POINT FIVE

Dear friends and allies overseas,
Relinquish animosity,
  And never more
  Dare to deplore
Our lack of generosity.
  For if we cannot give you aid
  Or any guarantees of trade,
  At least as proof of our good will
  And splendid product of our mill
  Of amity and chlorophyll
We still can give you Nixon!

—SEC

CERTAINLY no one can deny the good intentions of Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce, to whom goes a not inconsiderable part of the responsibility for the Trieste affair. Nor can anybody deny that this remarkable woman rendered great services to the President's party during the campaign. Yet perhaps, his views sharpened by hindsight, the President may wonder now whether he was well advised when he gave her an ambassadorship in lieu of orchids.

Belated Discovery

Last November 11 *The Reporter* carried a note "What Nixon Wouldn't Do," which pointed to the interesting position of Senator John Bricker of Ohio, now chairman of the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee, who continued to hold active mem-

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bership in a law firm that represented the Pennsylvania Railroad. Senator Bricker's firm has been receiving handsome fees in excess of $25,000 per year from the Pennsylvania Railroad since 1948.

We wondered then if Mr. Nixon would apply to Senator Bricker his feeling that: ". . . as far as law practice is concerned, it seemed to me that the relationship between an attorney and the client was so personal that you couldn't possibly represent a man as an attorney and then have an unbiased view when he presented his case to you in the event that he had one before the government." None of the newspapers picked up our little note at the time.

On October 9, 1953, the Scripps-Howard Washington *Daily News* carried a banner headline: BRICKER PAID BY RAIL LAW FIRM.

Robert Crater, a Scripps-Howard staff writer, had, it seems, discovered that Senator Bricker's firm was being paid handsomely by the Pennsylvania Railroad. Mr. Crater went to see the Senator and quoted him as saying, "Everybody knows I'm honest. So what's wrong with my being chairman of the committee and receiving money from the law firm?"

Is it called a scoop when you beat the daily press by eleven months?

On the Spot

One little-talked-about use to which reporters put the press conference is to test rumors of political deals.

In early July, rumors were afloat that in exchange for Congressman Richard Simpson's support in overriding Congressman Dan Reed on the excess-profits bill, White House aides had promised to go easy in fighting Simpson's pet amendments to the extension of the Reciprocal Trade Act—this in spite of the fact that the Administration previously had stressed how important it was to extend the Act unchanged.

The New York *Times's* unofficial transcript of the President's July 22 press conference said:

GLENN GREEN of McGraw-Hill Publications—. . . Do you believe, Mr. President, that that [Simpson] bill in any way conflicts with your previously expressed position on trade and trade policy?

A.—He personally didn't want to change the laws under which we were operating until we had had this opportunity under the year's extension of Reciprocal Trade Act to study it absolutely. With respect to this question and the previous one, he would be foolish to pretend to a profound knowledge of all these things.

Someone came in and presented one viewpoint, someone else another; it took a long time to get these varied viewpoints and arguments analyzed, put together, and reach what you could call a state policy; so on neither question did he have an irrevocable policy.

He did just believe, in general, we should be given now the chance to continue the existing arrangements until we could study it through the finest body of people we could put together.

Recently there were rumors that the White House had promised not to push for revision of the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act if Senator McCarran would not tangle up passage of the emergency refugee bill when it came up in the last days of Congress. McCarran suddenly quieted down and contented himself merely with voting against the bill.

According to the New York *Times's* unofficial transcript of the President's October 8 press conference this transpired:

MILTON FRIEDMAN of the Jewish Telegraph Agency—Now that the Administration has successfully achieved the passage of your emergency refugee bill, can you tell us if the corrections of what you described in your State of the Union Message as discriminations of the McCarran-Walter Act is part of the program for the second session of the Eighty-third Congress?

. . . A.—Well, while he had not gone back to the study of that question for some time, and he had not—he was not, therefore, ready to state positively that on his priority program there was certain "must" legislation in that regard. He would say this: If the people administering that bill, the people responsible for it, still believed there were imperfections, we should certainly do our best to correct them.

One thing you can say for the President. He looks uncomfortable when he's answering such questions.

The Purger Purged

In our issue of July 21, 1953, we described the organization and activities of the so-called "loyal American underground" at the Voice of America, a group which Senator McCarthy's investigating committee used in attacks on that organization. We identified the founder of the "underground," Paul M. Deac.

On October 5, Mr. Deac called a press conference in New York to announce that he had been forced to resign from the Voice because of his opposition to "subversive" elements —apparently, despite McCarthy's investigations and a Republican housecleaning, still powerful in the organization. Mr. Deac maintained that "practically all loyal Voice employees" who had co-operated with McCarthy and his investigators were being forced out in "a showdown fight between loyalists and Marxist elements."

THE Eisenhower "Marxists" now in charge of the Voice had a different version. Through a special assistant, Leonard Erickson, former head of the McCann-Erickson advertising agency and now Director of the Voice, announced that the reasons for Mr. Deac's dismissal were substandard work and disruptive activities. Asked if he had heard about the "loyal American underground" at the Voice, Mr. Erickson's assistant replied he had. "Most of them," he said, "are incompetents. . . . Many of them should have been fired long ago."

EXPLAINING TENT

All right, Buddy, explain . . . it had better be good.
Explain about murder: I saw my father's corpse
When you got through with him. Explain about rights:
I heard the knock on the door and the cattle car
Empty of cattle but screaming. Explain about work:
I know that my brother in the mines is dying of hunger.
Explain equality: some of you live like kings and the rest like lice.
Explain about peace: who pushed us over the line?
Explain about truth: the dose and diet of lies
Crammed into us all day, each day, all year.
Explain . . . no, Buddy, you better save your breath . . . .
Nothing you say can persuade us to a door
Marked "Death."

—SEC

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CORRESPONDENCE

BRICKER'S FOLLY

To the Editor: I have read the article by Dr. Henry Steele Commager on the Bricker amendment in your October 13 issue. This is one of the finest discussions of the amendment which I have had the opportunity of examining, and since I was one of the co-authors of the Minority Report in opposition to the Bricker amendment, I have read most things discussing it pro and con.

ESTES KEFAUVER
United States Senate
Washington

To the Editor: Writing in No. 75 of *The Federalist,* Hamilton declared that the treaty-making provision of the Constitution "is one of the best digested and most unexceptionable parts of the plan." The irrational fears of the proponents of the Bricker amendment in no way challenge the validity of Hamilton's statement.

It is surprising to find these irrational fears so widespread in a profession whose members are supposed to be skilled in logic and clear thinking. But the American Bar Association is evidently not immune to the disease of muddled thinking. Meeting in convention in Boston in August, the A.B.A. reaffirmed its support of Bricker's Folly despite an eloquent speech in opposition by Secretary of State Dulles. But the delegates to the convention were warned that it would be inconsistent for them to repudiate the amendment after having supported it so strongly in the past, and if they were not consistent they would lose all their influence in Congress. This was the strongest argument in favor of reaffirmation that could be mustered after the Dulles speech—and it is a revealing argument indeed. Most of us know what consistency is to little minds. Bricker's Folly has become the hobgoblin of the American Bar Association.

RICHARD C. JOHNSON
Boston

To the Editor: I think Professor Commager's article is superb. The only criticism I have relates to his statement that the Bricker amendment would automatically bring before Congress every executive agreement and every other agreement as well. I doubt that that would be the case in advance of positive legislation by Congress exercising the power to regulate executive and other agreements. In the absence of Congressional regulation, I would suppose that Presidential freedom of action would continue.

JEFFERSON B. FORDHAM
Dean of the Law School
The University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia

To the Editor: Professor Commager did a remarkable job in exposing a rather complex legal trap to the layman's eye. Possibly it was essential history, and maybe technically correct, to print the names of sixty-four Senators as "sponsoring" the amendment. But how in the world could you do so without explanation, and even say that they "now sponsor" it? Senator Knowland's substitute rejects the "which" clause and the regulation of executive agreements, and certainly there are others who sponsored the original resolution for study but now share his and the President's views.

I fear you have unintentionally given the impression that the required sixty-four votes are practically in the bag. I hope you will agree with me that any such impression should be speedily and emphatically corrected.

THEODORE PEARSON
New York

(We agree. Quite a few of the Senators who originally sponsored the amendment have had second thoughts.)

THE OLD MEN

To the Editor: I regret that in your October 13 issue you find Clement Attlee and Pandit Nehru "two crotchety old men," but are content to accept the authoritarian Chancellor Adenauer (born 1876) not only as the leader of West Germany but of Europe.

V. L. GRANVILLE
St. Augustine, Florida

NEW YORK PORT AUTHORITY

To the Editor: I am a regular subscriber to *The Reporter* and I read William S. Fairfield's article on the New York Port Authority in the issue of September 29 with great interest. *The Reporter* has rendered a public service in publishing it. It is a well-balanced effort, giving the good as well as the bad features of the Authority's operations.

I thoroughly agree that the U.S. Congress has been remiss in failing to check on the Authority's actions. Recently, when the bill to secure Congressional consent to the consummation of the New York and New Jersey Bi-State Crime Pact was considered by the House Judiciary Committee, of which I am ranking Democratic member, I questioned witnesses concerning the apparently unlimited, unrestrained power given to the two Commissioners to be appointed by the Governors of the two states. I also pointed out that the Commissioners of the Port of New York Authority likewise had carte blanche to do well-nigh anything they please. At that time I questioned some of the activities of the Port of New York Authority, for which I was soundly verbally thrashed by some of the New York newspapers. Assuredly, Congress should have some control over the operations of these Authorities set up by adjoining states. I suggested, without success, that the pact be for a limited duration, say five years. In that way, the matter would again come before the Congress after a definite period and then Congress could ask for an account

Gad!

SUCH PROBLEMS!

Once there were two fluffy-haired Girl Graduates who couldn't think of any way to make a living because they both had majored in Greek. So they started a recording company, to put on disks the voices of major modern writers reading their own works. What happened? Did they make a fortune? Fall on their physiognomies? Are authors' voices commercial? *

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* To crack these cultural conundrums, you'll have to read the Nov.-Dec. issue of HIGH FIDELITY, the Magazine for Music Listeners, Published Bi-Monthly at 3310, Publishing House, Great Barrington, Mass. ($5.00 annually - $1 the single copy, at record shops or by mail.)

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of operations during the previous period. I offered an amendment to this effect, to no avail. Again I was soundly criticized for my temerity.

Among other criticisms, Mr. Fairfield does well to point out that the Port of New York Authority has no right to act as lobbyist, for example, against the St. Lawrence River Seaway.

It shall be my studied purpose at the next session of Congress to have the House Judiciary Committee conduct some investigation of the operations of these bistate authorities, and in that investigation Mr. Fairfield's article will be of inestimable value.

EMANUEL CELLER
House of Representatives
Washington

To the Editor: Mr. Fairfield's discussion of the New York Port Authority gave information which every citizen should have, especially citizens of New Jersey. Caught between the Delaware River Authority on the west and the New York Port Authority on the east, New Jersey has become merely the piece of land you have to cross in going from the Delaware Memorial Bridge to the Holland Tunnel.

The entry of the New York Port Authority into New Jersey by way of the Newark Airport emphasizes the fact pointed out by Mr. Fairfield, that the Port Authority has never concerned itself with port development, the type of development most needed by New Jersey. New York is an island seaport and, so far as freight traffic from the south and west is concerned, must be subsidized by the curious freight-rate structure described by Mr. Fairfield as being so highly advantageous to the towing and lighterage business. It is well known but not well publicized that the Port of New York has been steadily losing business to Southern ports—Charleston, Savannah, New Orleans, even Galveston—because of this lighterage situation, the crowded condition of the port, and the racketeering which thrives because of this crowding.

When Robert Treat settled in Newark in 1666, he probably saw a great mainland harbor, both shores of Newark Bay, both shores of the Hackensack and Passaic Rivers, all at a not much longer haul from Ambrose Channel than the Forty-Second Street piers. But the part of the country north of New York City thrived more rapidly than that to the west, and the Erie Canal and the New York Central Railroad maintained New York as the early gateway to the west as well as the north. But Newark's claim to this position is still sound, and a small portion of the money spent in port development in New York harbor could have transformed the Jersey Meadows into a ship-to-rail port unrivaled anywhere in the world. Eleven railroads terminate in these meadows. In the 1930's, when the New York Port Authority was exploiting the easy marks, some patient development in the form of bulkheading the shores of Newark Bay and the Passaic and Hackensack Rivers would be paying off now in the form of lower freight rates on exports and imports. Ships could dock alongside and transfer their cargo directly into waiting freight cars,

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rather than warp into pier berths in a crowded port and set their cargo on the dock for pickup by truck.

As things stand now, the short haul from railhead in New Jersey to shipboard in New York harbor absorbs the greater portion of the total freight charges on exports from the Midwest to any overseas port. This is a senseless burden on foreign trade. The State of New Jersey has lost its birthright to one of the finest harbors in the world, and has instead a tremendous amount of heavy through traffic that contributes only the price of some gasoline and hamburgers. The establishment of a Port of Newark Authority that would have remained within the law and attended to its proper business of port development would have made more sense than the expansion of the New York Port Authority, no matter what difficulties might have been encountered in financing it.

D. J. Henderson
Fieldsboro, New Jersey

TAKE SOME SEX . . .

To the Editor: Congratulations to William Lee Miller and to *The Reporter* for the publication of "It May Be Box Office, But Is It the Bible?" (*The Reporter,* September 29).

Mr. Miller has said what needs to be said and has needed to be said for some time. In a beautifully satiric fashion he has hit the nail on the head. Hollywood isn't kidding anyone who can read between the lines and see their purpose to cash in on man's proverbial religious disposition. Take some sex, mix it with a bit of religion, add one or two popular stars, throw in a dash of color, stir up the public with some well-chosen adjectives, and you've got a box-office hit that may even rival television for a few days. That's the formula.

Rev. Herbert Henry Ehrenstein
Bethany Baptist Church
Philadelphia

THE FARMER IN THE WELL

To the Editor: Leonard Hall is a practical farmer and cattle raiser and has the ability to put into words the problems of the farmer and cattle raiser ("The Farmer Looks at Washington," *The Reporter,* October 13).

My only criticism would be that he has not gone far enough. If you could see the people from Missouri who have been forced to send their cattle to market because of the drought and receive eight to ten cents a pound for the cattle and the ruin and wasted years of work that it means to them, I am sure you would realize that something must be done for them.

A. S. Knapp
Potosi, Missouri

To the Editor: I was impressed with Mr. Hall's perspective and his capacity to strike forthrightly at the roots of many of the farmers' problems. I hope that this article will receive wide distribution among those individuals who must face up to the realities of an American agricultural program.

George Grant
House of Representatives
Washington

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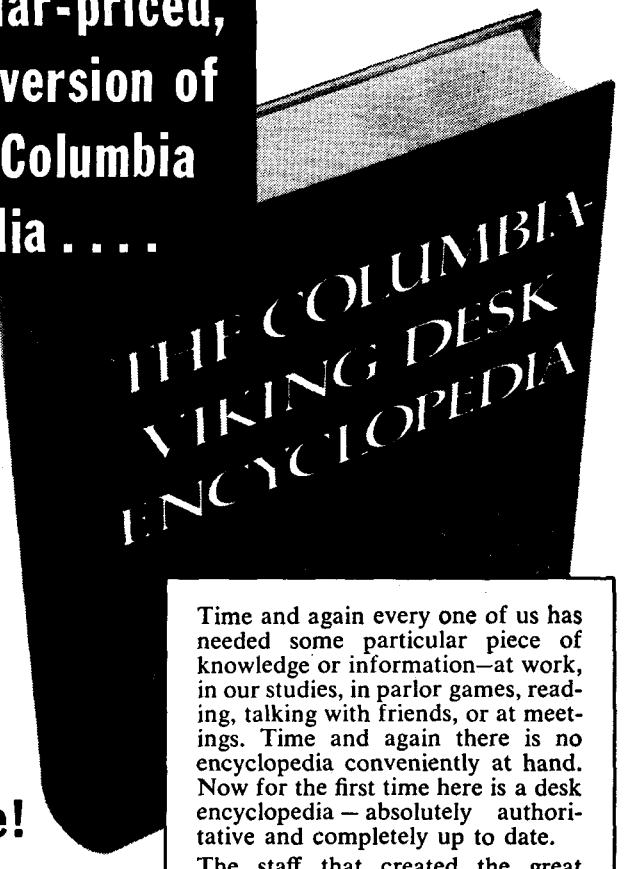

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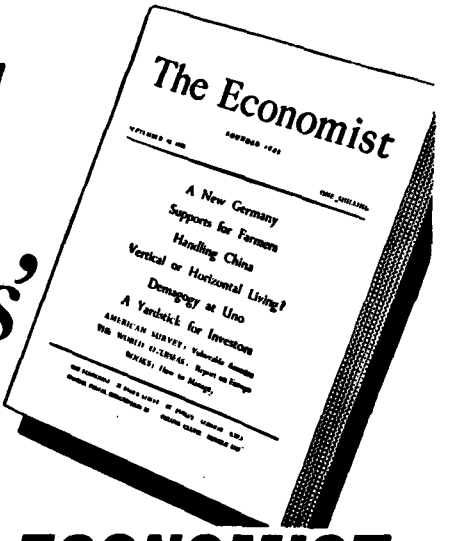

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

A CABLE from our Staff Writer in Rome, **Claire Sterling,** received just before going to press, has crowded out the Editorial from this issue. "The Mess in Trieste" is serious indeed. It has been inadequately reported in the American press. **Max Ascoli** comments in *The Reporter's* Notes on Claire Sterling's special report.

THE UNITED STATES is so tangled up with the British-Persian dispute that Iran is now one of the most serious issues our country is facing. **Harlan Cleveland** tells us how the bitter controversy started, what an extraordinary tangle of international complications it has brought on, and how, thanks to Mossadegh's fall, there may be a new and perhaps a last chance to reach a settlement. **Stella Margold,** who has written from the Middle East for the North American Newspaper Alliance and the *Christian Science Monitor,* tells what the streets of Teheran were like in the riotous days of the August *coup d'état.* The short article on General Zahedi and his son was written by **E. Reeseman Fryer,** who until recently was in charge of the Point Four program for technical co-operation in the Middle East and Africa.

WHEN citizens in large numbers fail to register and vote in elections they are always scolded for letting democracy down. Looking with **Robert Bendiner** at four candidates who want to be New York's next Mayor, one is forced to conclude that there may be other reasons for apathy than laziness. Mr. Bendiner is a well-known free-lance writer on national affairs.

RIAS, the U.S.-sponsored radio station in the American Sector of Berlin, makes no rash promises in speaking to the East Germans—who have learned to trust it. RIAS tells them how to resist their Communist oppressors, but it never asks them to expose themselves to unnecessary risks. **Edmund Taylor** is one of the pioneers of psychological warfare and for this reason knows all its limitations. He is the author of *Strategy of Terror* and *Richer by Asia,* and served with OSS in the Far East during the war. Since his recent resignation as secretary of the Psychological Strategy Board he has been traveling and writing in Europe.

James Hinton, Jr.'s article on High Fidelity is written from the consumer's point of view. Mr. Hinton knows a good deal about electronics but cares a great deal more about music. He is a former managing editor of *Musical America.*

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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SPECIAL REPORT

The Mess in Trieste

CLAIRE STERLING

ROME

THE ITALIANS, the Yugoslavs, and the Triestini are all agreed on one thing: They oppose the permanent partition of the 285-square-mile Free Territory of Trieste. Yet that's what they've been told they're going to get. On October 8 the United States and Britain, reversing the Allied pledge of 1948 to return all of the Territory to Italy, announced that they would shortly withdraw their occupation troops from Zone A and "relinquish the administration of that zone to the Italian Government." The intent, if not the letter, of the declaration was clear enough: to give Zone A to Italy, leave Yugoslavia in Zone B, and let the two nations settle their remaining differences by themselves. Both Anglo-Saxon powers, and particularly the British, were eager to wash their hands of the matter once and for all, in the hope that some day both Italy and Yugoslavia might agree to abandon the fiction of the Free Territory, establish full sovereignty in their respective zones, and thus erase this particularly unfortunate feature of the Italian Peace Treaty.

It looks neat: In Zone A there are 247,000 Italians and 63,000 Slavs, and in Zone B there are an estimated 45,000 Slavs and 30,000 Italians. Each side being left with something the other wants, it presumably should not be impossible for them to work out a peaceful territorial exchange, giving Italy the Italian coastal towns from Capodistria to Cittanuova in Zone B, and Yugoslavia the Slovene hills behind Trieste in Zone A.

The results of the declaration so far, however, have been anything but neat: Relations between Italy and Yugoslavia have not been as strained since 1945. Tito is threatening to march on Trieste and blow up the whole scheme of southern European defense. Far from being about to withdraw, Allied troops in Zone A are frozen there indefinitely—it would be madness to withdraw them now—and are facing a mobilizing, hostile army across the border in Zone B. The people of Zone A, who had been getting on reasonably well under Allied Military Government, are suddenly menaced with both invasion and economic blight, while those of Italian extraction in Zone B, whose life had been hard enough before under Tito, are now suffering nightly raids, beatings, and deportations.

The only one who seems to have gained anything from the October 8 declaration is the Italian Premier, Giuseppe Pella, who has been riding high on a wave of national solidarity since he rushed a division to Gorizia last September. His new strength, however, depends on the Italians' continuing illusion that what America and Britain really gave them wasn't simply Zone A but a bridgehead, from which they can move into the whole Territory with Allied support. This pledge is not what they actually got, and though Washington—more timid than London—is not inclined to tell them so now, they will have to face the fact.

Basic Faults

Not all plans for partition would incur such risks, but this particular one had enough juridical, diplomatic, and technical faults in it—as well as political cowardice—to aggravate the situation considerably. First of all, the two-power decision was made without consulting either the U.N. Security Council, which is

legally responsible for the Territory; the other Allied signatories of the Italian Peace Treaty in 1947; or France, the third signer of the Allied pledge of 1948—to say nothing of Yugoslavia. The October 8 declaration simply was not specific and categorical enough to convince Italy and Yugoslavia that they had better accept it.

Another fault of the declaration was that it imposed no conditions on Italy for running Zone A, not even those under which the United States and Britain administered it for the Security Council. The Italians were not asked to guarantee cultural, social, legal, economic, and political rights for the local minorities. Nothing was said about re-employment for the eighteen thousand Triestini—one out of every five in the Zone's working population – who now depend on the Allies for their livelihood and who could not possibly find other jobs for themselves, since another one out of five is chronically unemployed. The declaration made no provision for emergency funds to meet the staggering new deficit that would be caused by the Allied withdrawal; the British have been spending two million pounds and the Americans ten million dollars every year in Zone A. The declaration did not require Italy to make Trieste a free port, with special privileges for

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central European countries like Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Yugoslavia, without whose trade the port would die. Similarly, the declaration made no commitment for western intervention should either Italy or Yugoslavia violate the agreements and embark on any military adventures.

Furthermore, the declaration failed entirely to make it clear whether the step being taken should be regarded as a partial execution of or a substitute for the Allied pledge of 1948, which recognized Italy's moral right to Zone B as well as to Zone A. Although the *Times* of London has said that the withdrawal of the 1948 pledge was implicit in the October 8 declaration, that certainly was not the impression Italy got—or Tito either. In fact, Italy officially declared, in acknowledging the statement of October 8, that it was considered a provisional step, pending Italy's final accession to the rest of the Free Territory, and no one spoke up to contradict.

Both Sides—and the Middle

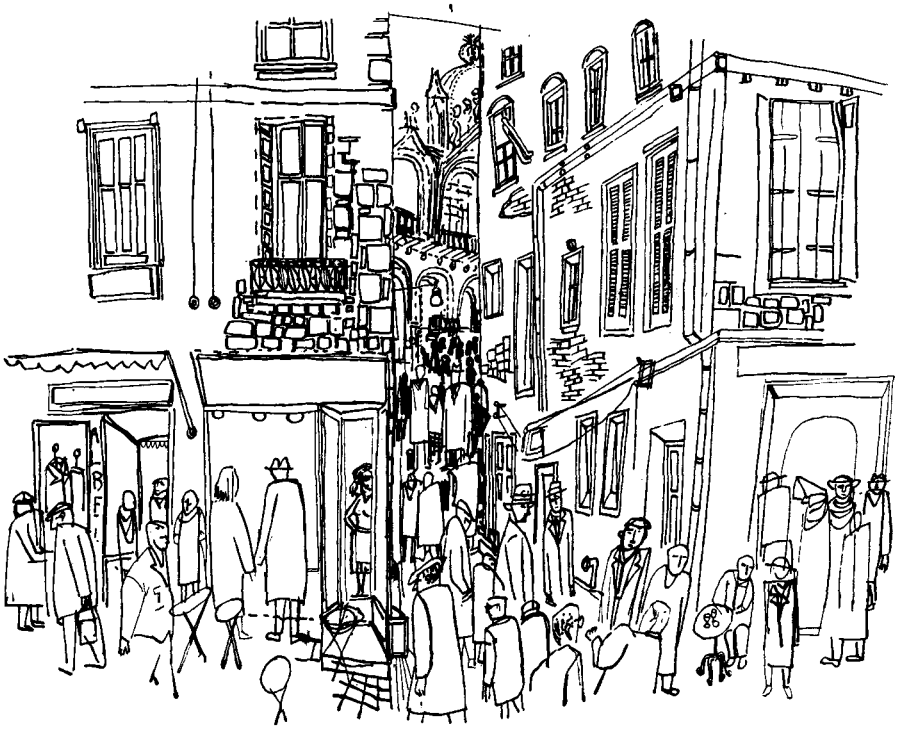
The surprising thing about the resultant furor is the surprise it caused in Washington and London. How could anyone have expected Tito to react differently? While Tito's ethnical claims to the Territory are weak, his economic interest in Trieste has some validity. (The Adriatic port of Fiume, for all the recent improvements, is not adequate to Yugoslav needs.) Furthermore, Yugoslavs feel almost as strongly as Italians on the subject of Trieste. In the First World War, Italy acquired not only Trieste but the whole Istrian Peninsula, and half a million Slavs who lived there had a rough time—particularly after Fascism came into power.

Moreover, it was from Trieste that Mussolini invaded Yugoslavia in 1941, incorporating Ljubljana as an Italian province, taking over Slovenia, Montenegro, and Dalmatia, burning down Slovene homes and cultural centers, shooting countless hostages, and forcibly denationalizing Slovenes and Croats. Of course Italy was Fascist then, but Tito conveniently overlooks this when necessary, and the anti-Italian issue is useful to him as a distraction from internal difficulties.

Tito had been willing to compromise on Trieste after his break with the Cominform in 1948, when he feared a Russian invasion and wanted Italy and the West as friends. He even offered what was essentially partition to British Foreign Secretary Eden as late as last spring. But since then he has lost his fear of a Russian attack. It is considered highly unlikely here that he actually wants to rejoin Moscow, but he obviously feels himself free to play both sides for all they are worth. So why should he accept a compromise now, especially when it is thrown in his teeth with remarkable tactlessness, no guarantee for the future, and not the smallest sop to his pride?

AMERICANS who defend the October 8 declaration say that they could not give any guarantees or sops to Tito without having the whole thing turned down by Italy. They are probably right. The Italian passion for Trieste and hatred for Tito may seem inordinate to the outside world, but it has deep reasons. Economically Trieste is of little interest to Italy, since it is a depressed port in direct competition with nearby Venice. But Italians cannot forget that in the First World War six hundred thousand of their countrymen died to win Trieste from Austria and thus complete the unity of their country. Tito's rule over Trieste when he liberated it from the Germans in 1945 and ran it for forty days was thoroughly vicious. Shortly after he withdrew to Zone B, the British discovered pits in Basovizza containing 450 square yards of mutilated Italian bodies. Since then, Tito has gone right on persecuting the Italians in Zone B. There are hundreds of deserted farms along the coast of Zone B, abandoned by Italian peasants who have fled to Italy. Even before this current crisis, Italians who were still living in Zone B were visibly terrified to be seen talking with foreigners in the streets. Those who dared to talk reported that Italian schools were available only to the sixth grade, the only Italian newspapers or cultural centers were those used for spreading Tito's propaganda, and the only Italians left in peace were those who embraced Tito's cause.

For these reasons even those Italians who are least nationalistically inclined have consistently opposed partition, especially since the Allied pledge of 1948, which has done perhaps more than anything else to prevent a peaceful compromise. True, some Italians have lately admitted in private their temptation to



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accept a halfway settlement, in the belief that time has been working against Italy ever since the West began to court Tito. But they have not dared to say so too loud, not only because the extreme Right and Left would howl, but also because of almost unanimous opposition from the Triestini.

The Forgotten Triestini

The very idea of partition, no matter how temporary, is quite unpalatable to the Triestini. That goes from the Christian Democratic Mayor Bartoli to the Liberals, Social Democrats, and those who favor autonomy for the Free Territory. During the second week in September, the Committee of National Liberation, which includes all the democratic Italian parties in Trieste, sent Premier Pella a strong memorandum flatly rejecting any proposal that would even give Italy administrative power over the Zone, let alone bring in troops. It is reported that Pella, who had been on the verge of asking just that, switched to the plebiscite idea after hearing from the committee.

The first reason for the committee's insistence and for Pella's switch is that the twenty thousand Italian refugees from Zone B who are now in Zone A, as well as thousands of other Italians with relatives in Tito's area, are all convinced that once Italy settles into Zone A few if any Italians will be left in Zone B. They know what happened in Zone B every time Italy's interests in Zone A were recognized by the American and British governments. After the London agreement of 1952 that gave Italy partial administrative control of Zone A, it was reported that in Zone B eight Italians were murdered, three hundred arrested, and 150 tortured, while 4,652 were lucky enough to cross the border to Zone A.

The other reasons vary according to political inclinations. Christian Democrats and centrists in general feel it in their bones that Tito will grab Zone A the minute Allied troops leave. Social Democrats and Leftists in general fear that impetuous nationalists may be tempted to provoke trouble—with or without the knowledge and consent of Rome—once Italian troops are garrisoned in the Zone. Autonomists, who do not want to go back to Italy at all, certainly do not want to go back with a fraction of the Territory, thus making economic problems even more difficult. The same reason prompts businessmen to oppose partition. While the whole Territory is not viable economically, it would be even less viable if it were permanently divided. Zone A's farm production supplies only five per cent of the population's needs. Zone B provides at least another five per cent, and is also a limited market for products from Zone A such as suits and shoes. As has been pointed out by Professor

Ambassador Luce

Diego De Castro, the Italian adviser to the Allied Military Government, "Trieste, deprived of its immediate hinterland, would become a most serious economic burden for Italy, even more serious than it is now."

This is why, for all the demonstrations and flag waving, feelings were mixed in Trieste on October 8, as if the people did not know whether to celebrate or look for shelter.

Of course almost all Triestini, including autonomists, would infinitely prefer to have the whole Territory go to Italy than to Yugoslavia. This applies even to the Communists, who got eighteen per cent of the vote in Zone A in May of 1952; they follow the Malenkov-Togliatti rather than the Tito brand of Marxism. But irrespective of parties, all Triestini have solid economic reasons to worry about what would happen to them once Italy took over.

Italy has already been paying Zone A's deficit to the tune of $20 million a year. But Italy is much too poor to take over the Allies' present share of the burden; the spending its soldiers might do in Trieste would never approach the standards set by American and British occupying forces. And where could Italy find the money needed for the staggering job of getting Trieste on its feet—particularly as long as it is sealed off from the East?

WHAT IS to be done? Perhaps some form of partition is inevitable, but if it is to work the West must make it clear to both Italy and Yugoslavia that partition, cruel as it may be, is final. The nations of the West must also make it clear that, far from letting the Italians and Yugoslavs fight it out, they will exert their influence and resources to re-establish peace and tolerable living conditions in the Zones.

Here are a few of the other things that would be needed: full freedom of travel and trade between the Zones; the establishment of a free port in Trieste, with tariff privileges, special freight rates, and international loans to build up its merchant fleet, which was reduced from 700,000 tons before the war to 125,000 now. There should also be guarantees to the national minorities in both Zones—a difficult thing to have accepted and lived up to by a Communist country like Yugoslavia.

BUT EVEN with such a settlement, guaranteed by the western powers, Trieste's position would remain precarious as long as international tension lasts and the port does not resume its historic role as a trading center between East and West. Moreover, well behaved as Rome and Belgrade may be in the future, nationalisms on both sides are always apt to be stirred up in that tragic region so completely dependent on either international trade or international assistance—or both—that has been ironically called the Free Territory of Trieste.

The U.S. diplomats who generously shared the credit and the acclaim when their brilliant coup was first announced have every possible reason to be worried now.

(For the Editor's comments on Trieste see page 1)

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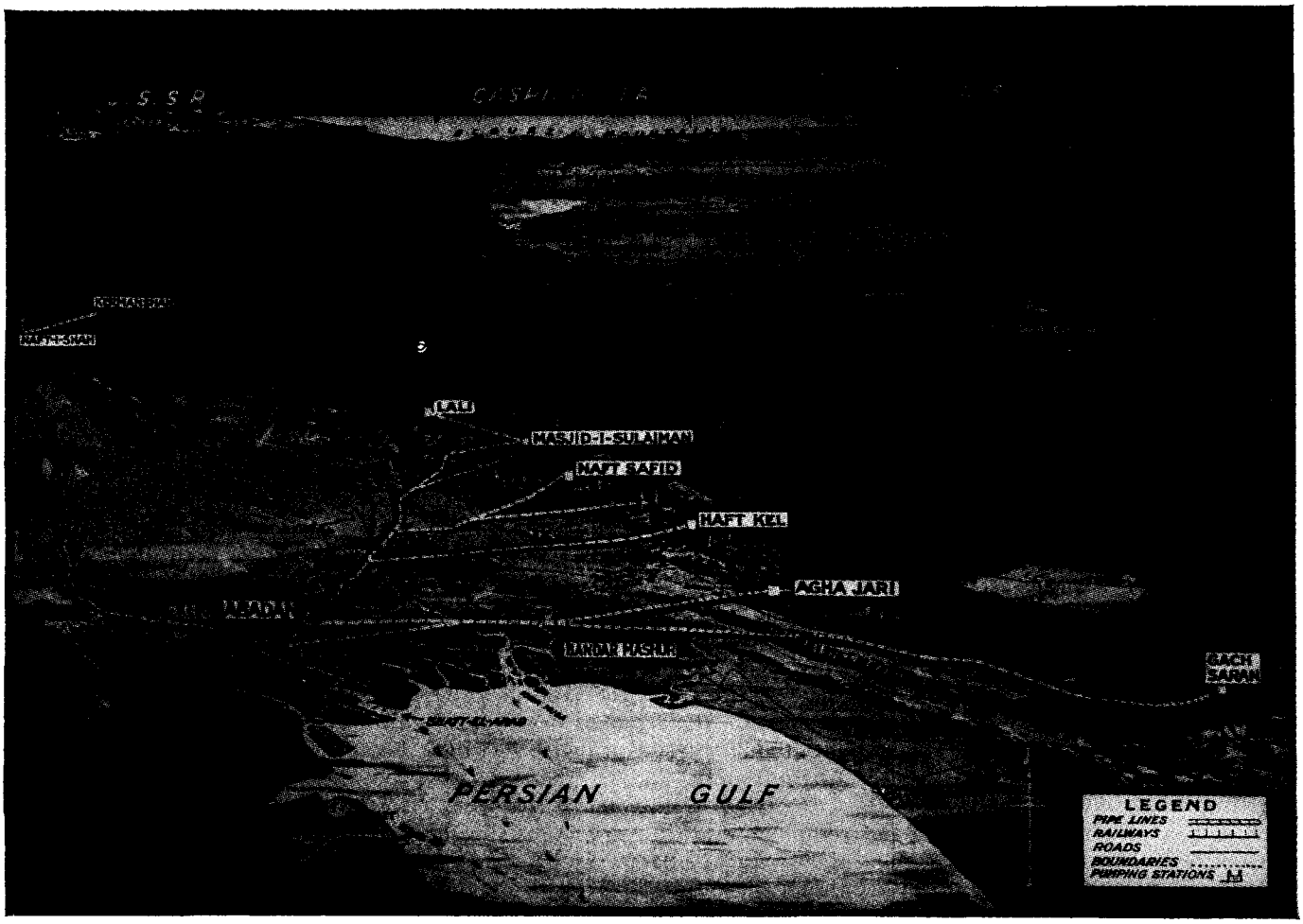

Oil, Blood, and Politics: Our Next Move in Iran

HARLAN CLEVELAND

In the spring of 1951, a gaunt, beak-nosed figure stood before Iran's parliament and told about a dream he had had the night before. He said a ghostly form had appeared to him and cried, "Rise up, Mossadegh, and break the chains of the Iranian people!" The apparition had meant that the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, which turned out 640,000 barrels of oil a day—seven per cent of the world's production outside the Soviet orbit, and nearly as much as Russia and its satellites produced—should be nationalized. The speaker, Dr. Mohammed Mossadegh, got his wish. The oil wells and the Abadan refinery were taken over by the state. Mossadegh himself became Prime Minister. Iran's massive exports of oil dried to a tiny trickle.

Thirty months later, we look back across a phantasmagoria of fruitless arguments and hearings and proposals, of mimeographed press releases and garbled leaks, of comings and goings to Teheran and The Hague and London and Washington and back to Teheran. The interests of all concerned in settling the dispute are now more compelling than ever.

With Turkey and Pakistan building effective armies on a firmly anti-Communist political base, Iran remains the leakiest part of what our National Security Council calls the strategic "roof" over the Middle East. If this roof is not secure, fifty-three per cent of the oil reserves available to the West are in jeopardy. Without the roof, we can't build a defensive coalition out of a collection of weak Arab states, an unpre-

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IRAN'S OIL EXPORTS *A Brief History*	
1949–1951	54,000,000 tons
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dictable Egypt, and an Israel that isn't on speaking terms with anybody else in the region. Iran's 1,200 miles of common frontier with the Soviet Union is the central military fact in the Middle East.

The trouble is that a country's national interests are whatever its current leaders want them to be. For Iran, the overriding interest has been absolute sovereignty, pushed to the brink of suicide. For Britain, the dominant theme has been the rule of law, meaning compensation for seized British property. Two years of verbal warfare failed to find common ground between these two intransigent positions.

Now, with General Fazlollah Zahedi at the helm in Iran, there is another chance. Zahedi says he wants to settle Iran's dispute with the British and get the oil flowing again. Everybody else wants a settlement too—in a certain way and to a certain extent. But first there must be reconciled the interacting desires of many divergent parties, including such imposing autocrats as Ibn Saud of Arabia and John L. Lewis of the United Mine Workers, and such strong-minded men as Winston Churchill, John Taber, Herbert Brownell, and the managers of the world's seven biggest oil companies.

The task of reconciling these interests rests unmistakably in the lap of the United States, for our economic and military strength makes us the roving center, plugging holes in the front line of the non-Communist world wherever it is weakest.

From D'Arcy to Mossy

It took Persia only half a century to progress from the first foreign oil concession to a nationalized shutdown. An Englishman named William Knox D'Arcy got a concession in 1901, the Anglo-Persian Oil Company was formed in 1909, and five years later the British government bought a controlling majority of the stock—not because socialism was creeping particularly fast in 1914 but because the Royal Navy decided that year to convert its ships from coal to fuel oil.

When the 1929 depression caught up with oil profits, the Mossadeghs of that era (the Doctor himself was incarcerated in a prison near the Afghanistan frontier) canceled the D'Arcy concession. Britain appealed to the League of Nations, and in 1933 a new concession agreement was signed, good for sixty years, with greatly increased royalties. These payments held up well even while the company was in difficulties during the Second World War, but by 1948 the government (which had revived the ancient name of Iran) became restive about getting only about fifteen per cent of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company's net profits. Having heard that Venezuela shared 50-50 in the oil profits of its concessionaire, the Iranians began talking about a 50-50 profit split with Anglo-Iranian.

In 1949, a fifteen-hundred-word "Supplemental Agreement" was signed, raising Iran's ante to something like thirty per cent of the profits and supposedly re-establishing the company's title to the concession. Unfortunately the document had to receive a final O.K. from the Majlis, or Chamber of Deputies. The leader of the parliamentary committee handling the matter was Dr. Mohammed Mossadegh, whose memorable profile, well-timed tears, fainting spells, and tendency to wear pajamas on public occasions soon were known around the world.

It is now easy to see why the Supplemental Agreement was a dead pigeon from the moment it was signed. It was almost impossible to find a literate Iranian who thought it a fair deal. Besides, history was in the hands of a small band of legislators who regarded anything short of full nationalization as a form of treason. Tied in an uneasy alliance with powerful and excitable religious leaders, or mullahs, the National Front Party, with only eight Majlis members out of 136, managed to turn consideration of the new agreement into a holy war for nationalization.

Events just moved too fast for the weak young Shah, Mohammed Reza Pahlevi, and the stubborn British company. A moderate Premier, sensing the debacle to come, tried to get the company to talk about a 50-50 formula, but the company took the stiff-necked view that the next move lay with the Majlis. Ali Razmara, Iran's popular Chief of Staff, who became Premier in 1950, tried to get the Majlis to act. Probably it was a lost cause anyway, but just about then the Arabian-American Oil Company (Aramco) announced a 50-50 agreement with King Ibn Saud. This finally jostled Anglo-Iranian into making a 50-50 offer. But on March 7, 1951, Razmara was shot by a religious fanatic. The next day the Majlis oil commission passed a resolution endorsing the nationalization of an oil company worth three-quarters of a billion dollars. Soon afterwards, a National Oil Company was formed; its first achievements were stopping the flow of oil and giving the indispensable British technicians their walking papers.

Wide World

Abadan refinery, biggest in the world

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The repeated efforts since then to "get the oil moving again" have all been up against two facts. One is the mercurial instability of Iranian politics; the other, that after the shutdown Iranian oil rapidly became a drug on the international market.

Mob and Majlis

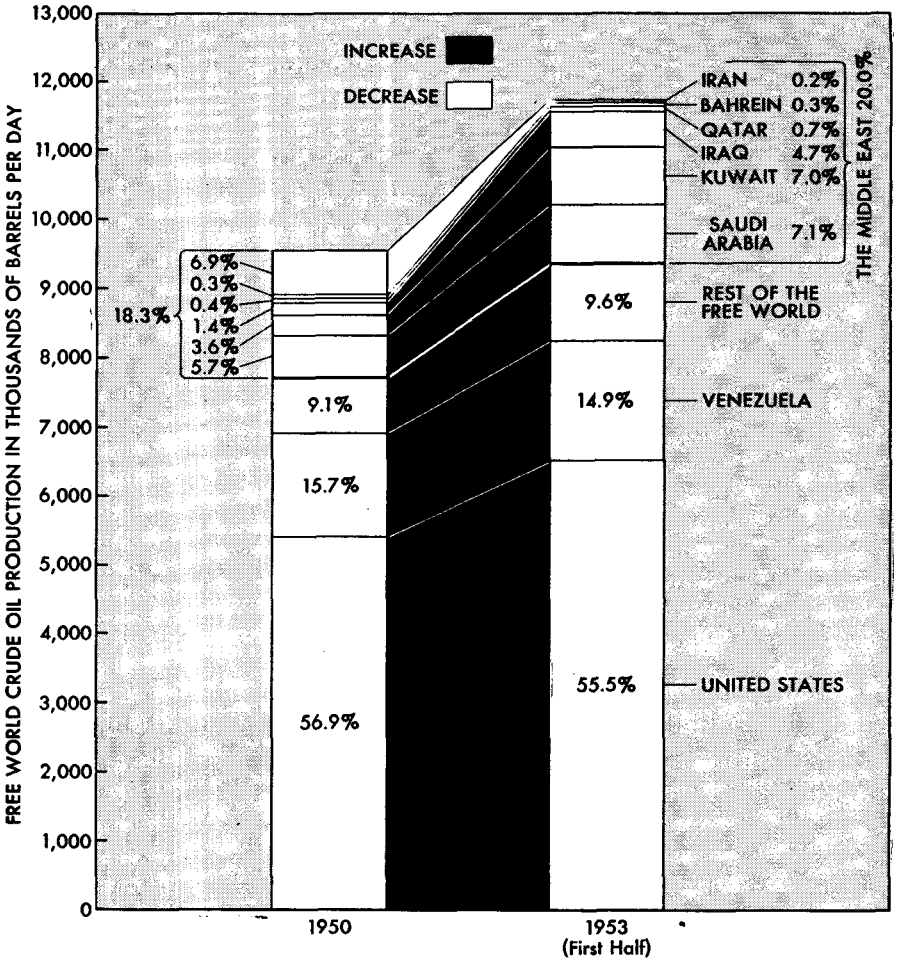
The groupings in Iranian politics cannot be classed as parties in any western sense of that word; they might better be called "forces"—often in a very physical sense. In outline, six main forces were relevant in the turbulent months of Mossadegh's power, and must still be juggled by his successor. Their relative strength is largely decided by their capacity to control the streets of Teheran. Whoever can muster two or three thousand vociferous toughs at the right place at the right time controls Teheran, hence Iran, hence one-twentieth of the world's oil—and holds in his hand the security of the Middle East.

The only political force that supported Mossadegh to the end was the Tudeh Party, a well-organized, Soviet-financed band of Communists able to bring out into the streets at any time a few hundred disciplined agitators, who in turn could easily assemble a fanatical mob several times their own number.

A second group, which helped Mossadegh to power, pushed him into nationalizing the oil fields, and finally abandoned him at the beginning of 1953, was the clique of religious fanatics led by an undersized, bearded mullah named Ayatollah Kashani. This influential cleric combines advocacy of extreme nationalism with a plan for a religious league of Moslems. His tie-in with the Moslem Brotherhood and his use of terrorist methods make him a powerful but dangerous friend. These two groups, Kashani's adherents and the Tudeh, were held together in an alliance that was always uneasy; it survived for as long as it did only because of the popularity of its *raison d'être:* kicking the British in the teeth.

A third group was the National Front, made up of a handful of prominent men whose strength lay in their ability to arouse the potentates of such key areas as Azerbaijan in the north and the oil region in the south. Mossadegh was the leader of this group. Its program was limited to the attractive but negative proposition that the British should be thrown out of Iran. Moreover, the National Front lacked a disciplined political organization able to match either the obedience of the Tudeh ranks or the fanatic zeal that Kashani could command. So when the going got rough for Mossadegh, his chief lieutenants abandoned him, fearful that his dictatorial urge would lose them their local backing in the provinces.

NO ROOM FOR IRAN?



The loss of Iran's oil has been more than made up by other oil producers. Iran can come back into the market only if the other producers move over.

THE SMALL businessmen who control the bazaars make up the fourth group. They have some reason to tolerate the West. Bankruptcy, confusion, and dwindling imports spell depression in small as well as large business; oil could mean prosperity, if not for the masses at least for the merchants. But Mossadegh played effectively on a primal fear of this group: the fear that if oil revenues meant large-scale imports, only the big importers would get the business. The bazaars were always a source of manpower for Mossadegh's mobs.

The native tribes, or "nations," are the fifth force in Iranian politics, again because they are organized and armed. But the two largest tribes partly cancel each other out. The Bakhtiaris around Teheran are close to the Shah. His Queen comes from this group, and its members provided General Zahedi with a base of operations while he was in hiding. They even have an economic interest in settling the oil dispute, since they are entitled to three per cent of the oil profits. The powerful Ghashghais in the south are closer

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to the wells, but own no oil stock. They were, and probably still are, partisans of Mossadegh; they think so little of the monarchy that they once asked an agency of the United Nations to treat them as a separate country.

Finally, the Army proved the most resistant of the forces Mossadegh had to deal with. For the officers, U.S. equipment and training have meant new prestige and added power. In the summer of 1952, Mossadegh resigned and filled the streets with howling mobs when the Shah refused to make him Minister of Defense as well as Premier. When Mossadegh got back in after three days of tumult, much of the top leadership of the Army was changed, but he never won the confidence of most of the officers.

Cutting across all these forces is the half-real, half-mystical power of the Shah. The throne has such prestige in the eyes of most Iranians that even when, as now, the Shah is weak or indecisive he is a powerful symbol and an indispensable ally for the ambitious politician. This is partly because the Shah is commander in chief of the Army, and does in fact have the loyalty of most Army officers. But beyond this, the Shah embodies the popular belief that the head of the state is a bulwark against arbitrary rule, as Mossadegh discovered when he tried to set the Shah aside.

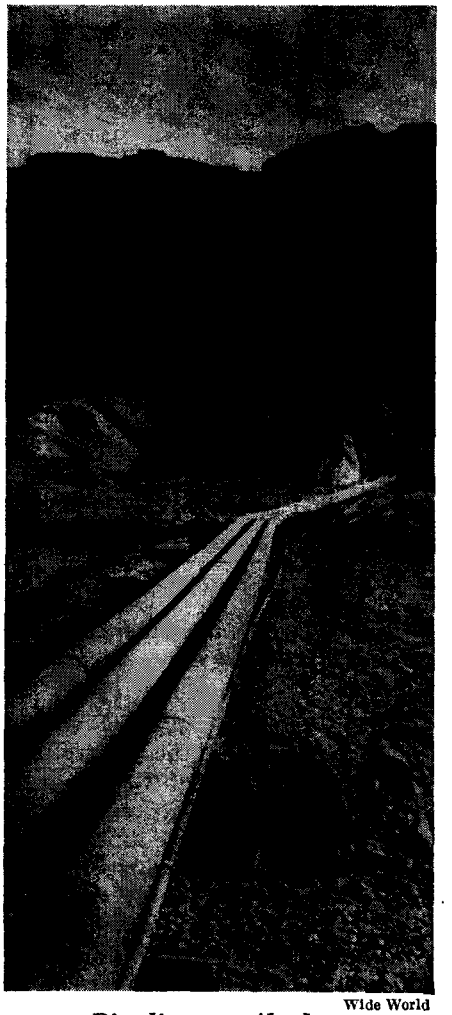
The agile Mossadegh was unable to build a stable base for continued power. Zahedi starts with two advantages: the support of the Shah and the control of most of the Army. But he inherits from his predecessor more than a financial mess and a rigid bargaining position with the British; he also inherits the rule of a nation intoxicated with its newly won sovereignty.

Drug on the Market

While the Iranians were so intent on going it alone, the world oil market was getting along nicely without them.

When the flow of oil from Abadan was pinched off on June 20, 1951, it looked as though there would be a critical oil shortage. The elimination of Iran as a source of crude oil was serious enough; even more worrisome was the closing down of Abadan, which accounted for five and a half per cent of the West's refined oil products. In 1950 the Abadan refinery, easily the world's largest, made forty-eight per cent of all aviation gas refined outside of the United States.

Spurred by the Petroleum Administration for Defense, the American oil companies pooled storage and tankers, and helped each other on equipment for refineries. The Big Seven companies—Standard Oil of



Wide World

Pipeline to Abadan

New Jersey, Socony-Vacuum, Standard Oil of California, Texas, Gulf, Royal Dutch-Shell, and Anglo-Iranian—which operate the major concessions in Latin America and the Middle East, took the caps off a few more of their fabulous wells. Western Europe, which the Marshall Plan has enabled to refine six times as much oil as in 1947, filled most of the gap in refined products. In a single year the free world's production of oil not only rose enough to cover what had previously come from Iran but easily supplied the normal increase in world demand for oil, which maintained its unbroken rhythm of five to six per cent growth a year.

"No room! No room!" "There's *plenty* of room," said Alice indignantly. General Zahedi must, like Alice, find an empty chair at the table where world oil decisions are made, or else persuade those already present to move over.

There is an easy way: to reinstate the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company as concessionaire. While the Iranian supply built up again, A.I.O.C. could gradually stop buying oil from the substitute sources it has used meanwhile. But this is not a real alternative. It is inconceivable that Mossadegh's successor could go soft on the principle of nationalization.

In theory, Zahedi has another "out." He can find an independent oil company or group that is willing to help him get into the market by selling competitively—that is, by breaking the price of oil. Mossadegh apparently believed in this possibility, which was why he invited W. Alton Jones, president of Cities Service Company, to Iran a year ago. At one stage the American and Swedish consumer co-operatives talked about helping to produce and market Iran's oil, for sale direct to their own members at reduced prices. But all such schemes fell through. There are, in fact, no companies or groups outside the Big Seven that can market so large a quantity of oil.

For one thing, most of the "customers" are huge marketing companies such as Esso Standard, which have tankers, bulk storage facilities, and thousands of outlets right down to their own filling stations. These marketing companies are, with few exceptions, the creatures of the big producing companies. Besides, the Big Seven own about two-thirds of the world's tankers and they control most of the rest under long-term lease. Practically speaking, this means that nobody can come to an agreement with the Iranian government against the Big Seven's wishes.

It is a curious fact that the independent producers in the United States, who are forever issuing statements attacking the big producers,

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have the greatest interest in letting the Big Seven take on the responsibility of fitting Iran back into the oil jigsaw. Many of them are less efficient producers and refiners, using U.S. oil that costs them much more than Middle East oil costs their big competitors. They have been complaining right along that it is unfair for the Big Seven to "flood the United States" with low-cost supplies from Venezuela and the Middle East, and this year they came close to getting Congress to limit oil imports. The coal interests, inspired by the rolling prose of John L. Lewis, are also anxious to restrict imports of fuel oil to the East Coast. If the Big Seven refused to cut back their own foreign production to leave room for Iran, and Iranian oil were thrown onto the market on a more or less competitive basis, the oil independents and the coal suppliers would suffer most.

So if Iran is going to sell any oil to the world, the Big Seven will surely have a hand in the job. These companies can probably be persuaded to take it on. After all, U. S. oil men are aware that chaos and bankruptcy in Iran would threaten the whole Middle East, in which they have just as big a stake as the State Department does. Also, they would rather have the oil flow in channels they control than allow it to create a "disturbance in the market"—oil-company talk for "competition."

But the idea of a marketing consortium solves some problems only by raising others. To make room for Zahedi, the Big Seven will have to cut back production elsewhere, especially in the Middle East. And such a decision can hardly be taken without stirring up trouble with two troublesome interests—the anti-trust lawyers of the U.S. Department of Justice and the rulers of the other oil-producing countries.

In the twenty-four months after Mossadegh lowered the boom on Anglo-Iranian, its three neighbors, Kuweit, Iraq, and Saudi Arabia, together have more than doubled their output from a million barrels a day to 2,200,000 a day, with Kuweit, a tiny wedge of sand floating on the greatest oil field yet discovered, leading the pack. This has been

The Streets of Teheran

STELLA MARGOLD

I stood on Firdausi Street in Teheran early in August watching a group of Iranian youths painting "Yankee Go Home" on a garden wall. One of them turned to me smilingly and said, "Where you come from? America?" I nodded, and he remarked, "Ah, America, a wonderful country."

The Shah's appointment of Fazlollah Zahedi as Premier on August 15 was followed by three days of demonstrations for Mossadegh. At noon on the sixteenth the streets were quiet and almost deserted; shops were closed. Near the Foreign Office there were tanks, jeeps, and soldiers, and near other government buildings police and officers on bicycles rushed here and there. That afternoon a rally was staged at Baharistan Square by members of the pro-Mossadegh parties. Speakers were frequently interrupted by shouts of "Down with the traitors! Death to the Shah!"

The Communists appeared in tremendous numbers. Groups of them tore down bronze statues of the Shah and his father. Teen-agers broke the window of a photograph shop containing pictures of the Shah and his Queen. This sort of activity continued for two days.

On the evening of the eighteenth, I asked an Iranian couple to let me walk with them, and I was surprised to find the Iranian woman more fearful than myself. As we walked near the corner of Firdausi and Istanbul, the busiest corner in Teheran, a band of Communist-led boys came rushing toward us. They were being chased by the police after a sudden order from Mossadegh.

Mossadegh apparently knew by then that he had lost the support of the line officers in the Army and could no longer hold out against counterdemonstrations. When these began on the nineteenth, there was no opposition. Between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, about five hundred demonstrators gathered near the bazaar, each with a club in his right hand and a stone in the left, headed by supporters of the Shah. Soon the group of five hundred was augmented by police and troops until it totaled almost three thousand. It was then divided into groups of several hundred each. The buildings of the two pro-Communist journals *Ghoureche* and *Tchalanger* were completely destroyed by fire.

I was walking home from the American Embassy on the morning of the nineteenth when I found myself following several hundred demonstrators. Suddenly they about-faced and started in my direction. I flattened myself against a wall, and I now remember only the terrible frenzy in their eyes as they passed.

Several similar groups, accompanied by soldiers and tanks, headed for the home of Dr. Mossadegh, and another commenced to pillage stores. The Soviet information center was sacked. Between noon and three o'clock the demonstrators occupied successively Radio Teheran, the Department of Propaganda, the Police Department, the office of the Chief of Staff, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and other departments.

It took about three hours to take Dr. Mossadegh's home, for it was defended by three companies of soldiers and five tanks. Mossadegh had fled to a neighbor's house before the fighting started.

For several days afterward tanks were stationed at important street intersections. Jeeps, soldiers, and police were everywhere, and all shops except those selling food were kept closed.

Then things started settling down. The eight-o'clock curfew was moved back to nine. The stores began reopening, and the "Yankee Go Home" slogans on walls were presently being whitewashed by the same boys who, I was told by those who knew, had received fifty cents a day to paint them.

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a perfectly natural development, but if the oil companies start to cut back production to accommodate the Shah of Iran, it won't seem so natural to the Sheik of Kuweit, King Ibn Saud of Arabia, or the King and Cabinet of Iraq.

Fortunately there are two rays of hope for a reasonable solution here. One is the fact that world demand keeps surging up at the rate of 5.7 per cent each year—doubling itself, if this rate holds, every twelve and a half years. The other is that it may take as long as a year for Iran to resume normal production.

So it seems that Iran's output, if scheduled to come back in gradually, might be absorbed by the expanding market without causing any existing producer actually to cut back—though most would have to slow down their rate of increase. The young Sheik of Kuweit has already proved that he can read handwriting on the wall: He recently volunteered to maintain Kuweit's production at a million barrels a day for a while, if that would help solve the Iranian problem. (The offer is not quite as generous as it sounds, since Kuweit is not yet producing a million barrels a day.)

Any co-operative scheme for marketing Iranian oil will imply a deliberate effort by the oil firms to restrain trade and avoid competition in international oil. Wasn't that made illegal, as far as the U.S. companies are concerned, by the Sherman Anti-Trust Act? Attorney General Herbert Brownell apparently thinks so, and has sued the five U.S. oil companies on seventeen grounds. On the other hand, Congress declared, in the Defense Production Act, that the American companies could combine if the government asked them to.

A REQUEST from the government may be good enough for the men who run the oil companies, but it's a safe bet it will not be good enough for their lawyers. Before a consortium helps Zahedi dispose of his oil, a good many lawyers will earn a good many honest dollars advising on what kinds of assurances to get from the government that will protect the companies from being sued, not just by the new team of trust-busters but by any of their successors.

If the big oil companies are brought in, as they must be, to help market Iran's oil, they cannot fail to be consulted about the other issues in the case—how the oil fields and refinery will be managed and what compensation Britain will get. The honesty and efficiency of management will determine whether the consortium can count on given quantities and qualities of oil coming into the loading pipes on schedule. With the Iranian government running the producing company, and the government threatened by the Teheran mobs, oil-company pressure will be strongly on the side of heavy foreign participation in management.

The big companies will also watch the talks on compensation with special interest. It is essential to their position in the Middle East that Iran not get enough out of nationalizing its oil to give the Arabs or Latin Americans in their oil-producing countries any ambitious ideas. The dilemma on compensation is all too clear. The Iranians must prove to themselves that nationalization pays, while the British and American interests are anxious to prove that, like crime, it does not.

Talk, Talk, Talk

In their initial attempt to prove this, the British took their case to the International Court, but after listening to a year of arguments by bewigged barristers from London, the Court agreed with Mossadegh that it lacked jurisdiction in the case. "The will of the parties is the basis of the Court's jurisdiction," its judges declared. Iran did not want to play, and it takes two to make a game.

Nationalization was a fact. The British Labour Government, which had recently nationalized coal, railways, and steel, was in no position to insist that Iran could be forcibly restrained from taking over an oil company inside its own borders. The issue was how the parties concerned would live with that accomplished fact. On the theory that as long as the British agreed to nationalization, something could certainly be worked out, the U.S. government stepped in as mediator.

Averell Harriman went to Teheran in July, 1951, as a personal representative of Mr. Truman. After persuading Mossadegh to talk to the British, he flew to London to persuade the British to send someone empowered to make a deal. The British presented an eight-point program, which their man, Richard Stokes, called a "jolly good offer" and Harriman blessed as a "reasonable basis for negotiations." But after several tense days, it developed that Dr. Mossadegh would not buy any part of the British plan.

Three issues emerge from the mountain of technical verbiage that fills the published records of the talks. First, how should the British be compensated for the seized properties? Second, how would Iran's nationalized oil industry be managed? And third, how and to whom would the oil be sold?

The British quite naturally shuddered at the idea of Iran's legislature deciding how much Britain would get paid and when. A hint as to how the Iranians expected to settle came from Hussein Makki, Mossadegh's man in Abadan, who reportedly announced that when he got through working up counterclaims, "the company will owe us money."

The American mediators emphasized again and again that "regardless of intent, seizure without compensation is confiscation, not nationalization." But there was an air of unreality about the arguments on this subject, for, as Harriman put it, "There must be more than a willingness to pay; there must be the ability to do so." If the nationalized company wasn't properly managed or couldn't sell its product, there would be no money and no compensation payments.

On management, Dr. Mossadegh started with a simple principle, from which nobody was able to budge him. He would rather see the oil flow into the sea than have the British remain on Iranian soil. When Stokes, whose instructions from the British Cabinet did not include letting the oil run into the sea, proposed that the nationalized oil company hire a British outfit (to be formed, presumably, from the Anglo-Iranian staff on the premises) to run the oil fields and refinery for it, Dr. Mossadegh described the set-up he had in mind: There would be technical departments headed by

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foreigners individually hired by the Iranian government. These would be responsible to a board consisting of some Iranians and some foreigners. Stokes, with Harriman's support, insisted that an oil company won't run unless someone is in charge and unless that someone's staff has clearly defined responsibilities. Mossadegh insisted that he would rather see the oil flow into the sea. . . .

As for marketing, the Stokes plan envisaged a British buying organization that would purchase oil from Iran and sell it to the former customers of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, splitting the profits 50-50 with Iran. Mossadegh could not see any plan that would give Britain "Iranian oil for resale at a profit."

Hanging over all discussions, then and since, was one unmentionable topic: corruption. The British were certain that a politically managed oil industry would siphon off into the private coffers of Iranian officials so much of the company's assets that both the efficient delivery of oil and the payment of compensation would be in jeopardy. The reportedly honest Mossadegh proposed a company so closely associated with the government as to share both its day-to-day venality and its periodic upheavals.

For twelve months after the Messrs. Harriman and Stokes left Teheran, nothing important happened. Then, on August 30, 1952, President Truman and Prime Minister Churchill sent a joint offer to Mossadegh. Mossadegh promptly dubbed it the "worst offer Iran had ever received," and finally threatened to break off diplomatic relations with Britain if his original terms were not accepted. They weren't, and he did.

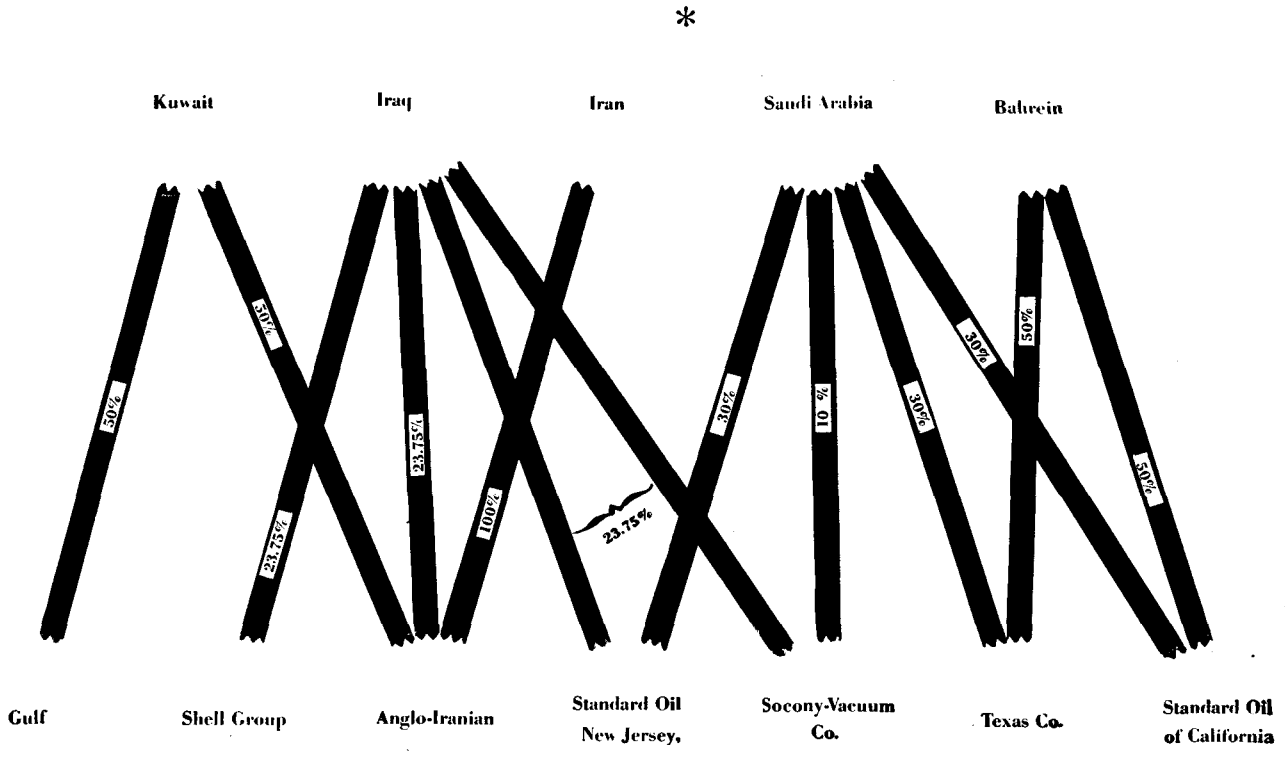
Now a different tactic, the oldest of all, was adopted: private talks through diplomatic channels. The channel in question was, and still is, Loy Henderson, an astute and cool-headed Foreign Service officer who had been brought in during the Harriman visit to replace Henry Grady, who had been Ambassador to Greece during the successful U.S. intervention there, and never had quite understood why Washington wouldn't let him try the same economic and military tactics in Iran.

The Big Offer

In the final weeks of 1952, Henderson managed to get Mossadegh back on speaking terms with the West. By mid-January a new round of talks was well under way, the British Cabinet had put up new proposals, and Mossadegh, in a fit of reasonableness, had agreed on all major points. On January 14, 1953, the remaining disagreements looked so minor and easy to settle that Mossadegh told his supporters in parliament, "The oil question may be resolved in the next two or three days."

The "January conversations" had

THE BIG SEVEN AND THEIR MAJOR MIDDLE EAST CONCESSIONS



* In 1951 the A.I.O.C. concession was canceled by the Iranian government; its present status is in dispute.

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settled the main issues this way: First, the oil fields and the Abadan refinery were to be run by Iran with that country deciding what foreign company would share the responsibility of management. Second, the crude oil and refined products would be sold to a consortium, including British and American companies, which would persuade some of Anglo-Iranian's old customers to return to the fold.

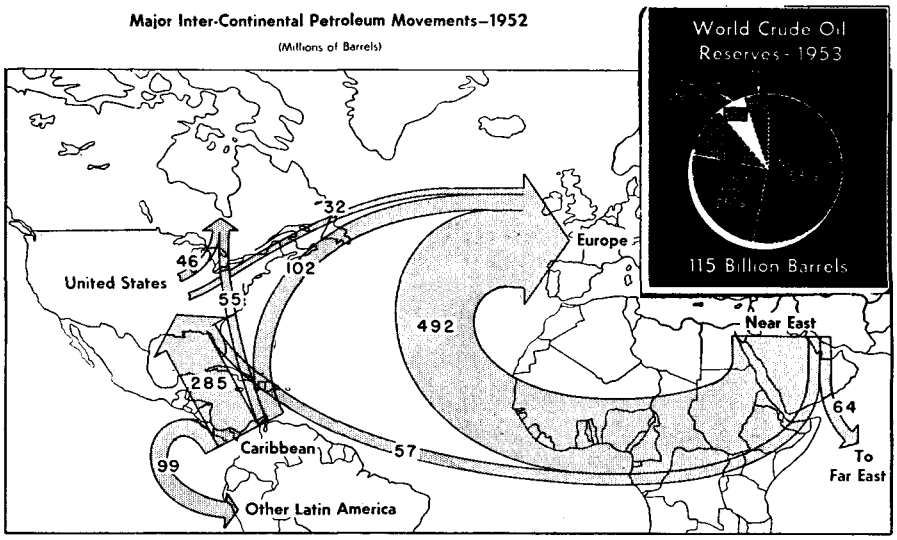
Third, the United States government would lubricate the settlement by advancing Iran $100 million against future deliveries of oil. This offer, which was of course the *pièce de résistance,* was supposed to guarantee Iran's market for oil until the consortium could be formed, to establish the price structure at levels the big oil companies could live with, and to fill the gaping holes in Iran's finances.

Finally, compensation to Anglo-Iranian for its properties was to be determined by the International Court, using as a criterion the provisions of Britain's law taking over its coal mines. Twenty-five per cent of the proceeds of any sales was to be set aside so there would be some money to pay Britain. The chief remaining sticking point was the principle, on which the British insisted, that compensation should include damages for the loss of future business under the broken sixty-year contract of 1933. Mossadegh balked at this idea. If he conceded that the 1933 contract could be "broken," he would be conceding that it was a legal contract to begin with. But the point was no less vital for the British and American oil companies. If the idea got around that oil concessions could be broken without expensive payments to the oil companies, the monarchs and politicos of the Middle East would lose no time proving that they too were sovereign in their oleaginous domains.

Unrest in the Ranks

Suddenly Dr. Mossadegh saw his home political support beginning to evaporate, and just as suddenly so did his willingness to agree. Mossadegh and the religious clique led by Kashani fell out on January 15, 1953, the same day on which the American negotiators noticed that Mossadegh's six-week period of sweet reasonableness had come to an abrupt end. Kashani was fed up with the increasingly dictatorial ways of the ailing Premier, and feared that the Communists would gain the upper hand if the disintegration continued. Key members of Mossadegh's own National Front—including Makki, the man he had put in charge of the oil company—had already abandoned him. After that, the worried Mossadegh had even more grounds for wondering whether he could muster the political strength to carry through an agreement with the British, overriding the violent "popular" emotions he himself had created.

BURIED TREASURE



Foreign Operations Administration

The Middle East accounts for most of the world's oil exports, half of the known reserves

On March 20, in a ninety-minute radio speech crackling with charges of "foreign machinations," and imprecations about "greedy foreigners" and their "cunning hirelings," Premier Mossadegh described the British oil company as "a form of plunder for which there is no precedent anywhere in the world," and rejected the U.S.-British proposals.

When Kashani withdrew his religious mobs, Mossadegh became almost wholly dependent on the Communists; they knew it, and their mobs quickly got beyond the power of the government's police to control. Then Mossadegh made his final futile appeal to President Eisenhower.

On May 28, he wrote the President that he had been waiting for a shift in Washington's attitude, but "unfortunately no change seems thus far to have taken place." The letter went on to ask for either a solution of the oil problem (with no indication that Iran would change its position on any major point) or some economic aid. Eisenhower let a full month go by, then turned Mossadegh down cold.

This has since been called a brilliant gamble; certainly it has paid off handsomely so far. Gamble it was: Our government could neither decide nor predict who would gain control of the streets of Teheran. It is hard to imagine what other policy would have been possible; propping up Mossadegh would simply have consolidated Tudeh power.

In any case, Mossadegh dug his own grave before the Tudeh dug Iran's. He succeeded in eliminating the Majlis, confirmed his own dictatorial powers with a Goebbels-type plebiscite (99.9 per cent voted "Ja"), and the Tudeh mobs were unopposed on the streets. The Shah fired him as Premier and appointed General Zahedi in his place. When Mossadegh paid no attention, the Shah went on a hurried Italian vacation and the General took to the hills. But somehow the Tudeh mobs overplayed their hand; the tearing down of statues of the Shah's father, Reza Pahlevi, gave the opposition an issue on which a counter-mob could

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be collected and whipped into a frenzy, at the going rate of fifty cents per rioter. On August 19, early in the morning, a pro-Shah mob formed. By mid-morning its leadership had been taken over by royalist elements of the Army, and it had been directed against Mossadegh's house. Zahedi (whose own plans called for an uprising several days later) quickly rode into town and took charge.

Clearing the Air and the Streets

Although Ambassador Henderson has discovered that he can mention the word "oil" in General Zahedi's presence without bringing on tears or a tirade, neither man is anxious for another round of talks without a good deal of advance spadework.

For his part, Zahedi needs at least a short cooling-off period, for his paramount task is to consolidate his control of Teheran's influential streets. His American-trained gendarmerie has orders to break up any rowdy gatherings, and the jails are stuffed with Tudeh ringleaders. But there are still too many people on the streets, most of them with nothing to do except riot. So Zahedi's objective No. 2 is to start some useful projects that will not only improve the countryside and clear the streets but will also create the feeling that things are once again on the move. Only in such an atmosphere can oil talks start again without producing more trouble.

The Point Four program—rural improvement and better health—can contribute mightily to this same feeling, and indications are that Zahedi wants to continue it. Zahedi also wants to work "toward" land reform; but as he is a big landholder himself, his moves in this direction will presumably involve very meticulous attention to giving adequate compensation to landlords.

To do these things, he needs money to swell the pitiful trickle of revenues he can count on while Iran's oil stays in the ground. Nobody knows just how big his budget deficit is, least of all his own Minister of Finance. President Eisenhower set aside $45 million on the inexact theory that Iran could use at least $5 million a month for a while. Zahedi has told Washington he needs a lot more, but even converting the $45 million to Iranian rials will be quite a trick.

The government can acquire new rials in a hurry either by selling imports it buys with U.S. dollars or by printing currency. The trouble with the former method is that most Iranians cannot afford to buy the high-priced imported goods. The trouble with the latter is that printing new money means getting parliament's approval, and the Majlis has been out of business since its last fight with Mossadegh. It is a curious fact about Iranian politics that apparently the government can be changed without consulting the Majlis, but that body must vote on any increase in the backing of the currency. (One charming Iranian way of doing this is to pass a law augmenting the value of the crown jewels, which are part of the currency's backing.)

The United States is encouraging Zahedi to hold general elections as soon as possible, so the present Majlis is a lame-duck legislature at best. Zahedi is unlikely to take the risk of calling its members back to town.

The Unavoidable Deadline

Although Zahedi probably can afford to ignore his own legislature for a while, he cannot afford to ignore the world's most important legislative deadline. Like other leaders with empty treasuries, he will learn that the sun rises and sets according to the schedule laid down by our Constitution for the sitting of the United States Congress. Zahedi cannot get along without a financial transfusion either from the U.S. taxpayer or from Iran's oil. The $45 million gift will carry him until Congress gets back to Washington, but if Congress is asked for direct aid—a form of assistance that has always given the Appropriations Committees the cold shivers—there will be some pointed questions about oil.

Unless new talks are under way and a solution seems in sight, a tax-conscious Congress will greet requests for aid to Iran with allusions to "money down a rat hole." This accounts for the present renewed stirrings in the State Department and the British Foreign Office. The Middle East experts and the petroleum experts—headed on the U.S. side by the incontestably Republican name of Herbert Hoover, Jr.—are now getting together to warm over all the old solutions and think up some new ones.

New ideas will be at a premium. When Zahedi is ready to talk, a niggardly offer would be a disaster. We are not likely to get a better Iranian Government to deal with. And this one won't be with us long unless it can prove that being nice to the West is more profitable for Iran than being as consistently nasty as Old Mossy was.

The Zahedis, Father and Son

E. REESEMAN FRYER

To an American who knows the current Iranian Premier, General Fazlollah Zahedi, the most interesting question is how much his twenty-eight-year-old son, Ardeshir, will influence his thinking. The two are constant companions. Now that the father is Premier, the son is his private secretary and official interpreter in meetings with American officials.

General Zahedi has never been in the United States, but Ardeshir Zahedi is one of many young Iranians who have been sent to the Utah State Agricultural College. When the young Shah came to the United States in 1949 Ardeshir accompanied him.

Dr. Franklin S. Harris, the president of the college, had been an adviser to the Iranian government. When the Point Four program was started and Dr. Harris was sent to

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Iran in 1950 to organize it, the Iranian he selected for his special assistant was Ardeshir Zahedi.

As one of his unofficial duties, young Zahedi took upon himself the job of being host to incoming American technicians and their families. General Zahedi—soldier, landlord, and Senator—entered freely into discussions with them, often expressing skepticism about the quick results the Americans seemed to expect, while his son carried the optimistic side of the argument.

One day General Zahedi invited Dr. Harris and me to stop off at one of his villages. Both of us were impressed. The land was well tilled and the houses in good order. We found the only hospital I have seen in an Iranian village. It was clean and well equipped. The doctor in charge was a well-trained German refugee. We were told that the expense of the hospital was borne entirely by General Zahedi, and that medical services were given free to all peasants. Young Zahedi called it "my father's own Point Four program." Paternalism? Yes, but in Iran a landlord-financed hospital is progress.

In November, 1951, I was invited by General Zahedi and his son to accompany them to Isfahan and from there into the desert country of the Bakhtiari tribes. For four days on the long, dusty ride from Teheran to Isfahan and from Isfahan into the desert I came to know General Zahedi as one man can only get to know another on a camping trip.

He was not then a member of the Cabinet, having resigned a few weeks before as Minister of the Interior. He was still friendly with Mossadegh and supported him, but during our conversations General Zahedi said he believed that Mossadegh was making a great mistake by not moving vigorously to stamp out the Tudeh Party. He said the party was led by Russian-trained Communist agents and unless it was suppressed would become so powerful as to take Iran down the same road as Czechoslovakia.

I pointed out that the promise of land to the peasants was one of the appeals used by the Communists everywhere in the East and asked how he would propose to counter it. "Land reform," he said. "Some kind of land reform is necessary in Iran. But it must be done in a gradual way. A way must be found to give landlords fair compensation for their land, and the peasants must be trained to assume the responsibilities of landownership and to take the initiative that goes with it." He went on to explain that in Iran capital had always been invested in land;

General Fazlollah Zahedi

that new capital investment opportunities had to be found for the landlords and new values created because, in Iran, prestige and social position were associated with the ownership of land, as contrasted with America and Europe, where business and industry were the goals of investment capital. "Any other approach to land reform," he said, "would lead to chaos and perhaps even to civil war.

"About oil," he said, "we should find an honorable way to reach a settlement with the British. We cannot keep these resources locked up without losing our markets. But nationalization is an accomplished fact which must be recognized." General Zahedi went on to say that he had perhaps stronger reasons than any other Iranian to dislike the British, but this didn't influence his thinking about the need for a settlement of the oil question.

The General's own version of his abduction by the British during the Second World War was somewhat different from the news accounts I had read. He said that it happened at a party in Isfahan. Fitzroy Maclean, the British captain who had orders to kidnap him, was there as a guest and asked to speak to him privately. As they walked outside together, Maclean rammed a pistol in his back and commanded him to enter a sedan in which there were two other British officers. He said that he was handcuffed and driven to a place in the desert where a small airplane was waiting. He was flown to Palestine—to a concentration camp near Bethlehem. The General's eyes flashed and his jaw set as he told how for fourteen months he was held in that camp before being permitted any communication with his family. "I am a soldier," he said, "and can understand some of the things that must be done in wartime, but I will not easily forgive the British for holding me without trial or for keeping my family in suspense. But most of all, I shall never forgive them for stealing my family treasures."

He described how for more than seven hundred years the most treasured heirlooms of the Zahedi family —the medals won by his ancestors, the jewels and special mementos of achievement—had been handed down from father to son; how they were kept in his house in a heavy iron chest. He charged that the British, in his absence, had almost ripped his house apart searching for evidence that would convict him of conspiring with the Nazis (which he heatedly denied doing). He said that he might have forgiven a decent search of his house, "but stealing the ancient heirlooms of my family was something else."

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The Reporter

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Secretary Dulles And the Press

DOUGLASS CATER

TO SECRETARY John Foster Dulles, who has been popping in and out of the headlines for at least a decade, the vagaries of the press must be perplexing. Take, for example, the mercurial quality of his popularity as reflected in public print during the month of September alone. On September 6, newspaper reporters portrayed a grim, tight-lipped Dulles arriving by night at the Denver Airport, almost visibly pursued by the New York *Times* headline of the preceding day: DULLES COMMENTS AROUSE THREE NATIONS. Was there any truth to the report of friction between the President and himself? the reporters wanted to know. "Not that I know of," replied the Secretary. Speculation about Mr. Dulles's imminent departure from office, which had been widespread for some time, increased.

Yet by the end of the month Mr. Dulles was sailing along on a gentle tail wind of esteem. One read that his speech at the United Nations was receiving universal acclaim for its "moderation" and "flexibility." The wire services told how he had been cheered at the same AFL convention which had laughed at Vice-President Nixon. *Time* and *U.S. News & World Report,* convinced that his tenure would outlast their copy deadlines, ran flattering profiles of the man. *Life* accompanied him pictorially when he went to speak at the Presbyterian Church in Watertown, New York, where his father used to preach. Alastair Buchan, the Washington correspondent of the London *Observer,* cabled to his paper: "By contrast with Mr. Lodge's diplomatic inexperience, Mr. John Foster Dulles . . . is beginning to be accorded increasing respect both by allied diplomats and by American observers and diplomatic officials who have hitherto been highly critical of his conduct of affairs." (This will be noted, in contrast to *Time's*

dark report that "the British, soaked in the politics of expediency, have been working behind the scenes to unseat Dulles.") If, as is often remarked, Washington has a mood each day, that mood definitely put Dulles on the upgrade. Speculation that Eisenhower was well content with his Secretary of State increased.

Dissenting Voices

Yet one could not help noticing certain reservations among the paeans to Mr. Dulles. Joseph and Stewart Alsop, pointing to several of the Secretary's achievements, worked out a quaintly metaphorical comparison of Mr. Dulles with a Mississippi River gambler. And James Reston, the Washington correspondent of the New York *Times,* commented on ". . . his tendency to concentrate almost entirely on the job at hand, like a lawyer arguing one case at a time, and changing his argument to suit the immediate jury before him.

"When [Dulles] is in the political atmosphere of Washington," Reston continued, "he takes on the garments of the politician. When he goes to the harsh atmosphere of the Legion convention in St. Louis, he can strike as strident a note as anybody in the hall. When he goes before the United Nations, the careful statesman of his book *War or Peace* reappears. When he goes to London or to Paris, officials in both places usually are impressed with him. When he goes before the reporters, knowing how they love the elusive low-down, he is a delightful, confiding companion, eager to help the press understand . . . what's going on."

In fairness to Mr. Dulles, it should be pointed out that any Secretary of State has a number of constituents to whom he must answer directly: the President, for whom constitutionally he is only a deputy; the Foreign Ministers of America's Allies; and, by no means least, the United States Congress.

There is solid reason to conclude that Mr. Dulles is aware of this. In a conscious effort that must be quite rare among Secretaries of State, he has given high priority to the constituency which is Congress, hoping

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thereby to avoid the political neutralization of Mr. Acheson. But Mr. Dulles's ambition seems to go further. As one sage observer of the Washington scene has remarked, Mr. Dulles, having wanted to be Secretary of State longer than any other living American, wants to be the first *popular* Secretary of State.

That Fourth Constituency

An essential of this ambition being publicity, it is just here that Mr. Dulles runs up against a fourth constituency, the press, in whose insistent demands are merged the day-by-day judgments of the other three. Members of the press are around Mr. Dulles on every occasion, measuring, weighing, evaluating. They hear, to use Mr. Reston's example, the strident note in St. Louis and the statesmanship at the United Nations. They note the similarities and the dissimilarities between what is said in public and in the background briefing. They report the news as they see it, and each must discover for himself the fine line between the diplomatic and the disingenuous.

WITHOUT DOUBT, Mr. Dulles has provided good copy. He has made his press conferences more regular and productive than any other Department head in Washington. He has appointed a former newspaperman, Carl McCardle of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin,* to be an Assistant Secretary and has given him authority to break the log jams that continually beset the reporter assigned to the State Department beat.

At his weekly press conference, unlike Mr. Acheson, Mr. Dulles frequently departs from the little black notebook in which the "suggested" answers have been carefully indexed. As a result, he has stimulated much more intensive and eager questioning from the diplomatic correspondents, whose caliber is higher on the average than that of most reporters around town.

The exchanges often have a meatiness that puts the President's press conferences to shame. One is keenly aware of the press's useful part in the gradual unfolding of government policy. And in the precise building of diplomatic position, every bit as intricate as the most complicated law case, Mr. Dulles shows little sign of faltering because of ignorance or inadequacy. When he appears to act the bull in the china shop, as with his remarks on the German elections and Japanese rearmament, it appears as if quite consciously, by incautious phrases, he is seeking to break through to a remote audience.

In contrast to the latter days of the Acheson régime, the reporter has little to complain of in the matter of story material. Yet frustrations continue, occasionally flaring into open animosity between the new Secretary and the reporters. The not always adroit McCardle has found himself engaged in recriminations with former colleagues, complaining bitterly at what he takes to be their brutish tendencies. At least once Mr. Dulles resorted to almost tearful entreaty with a bureau chief whose paper he felt had abused his confidence. According to one reporter's estimate not long ago, Dulles has tried the hardest but fared the worst of all the Eisenhower Cabinet in his press relations.

Addressing the Ceiling

Part of the reason undoubtedly lies in the personality of the man. A few reporters who have succeeded in becoming chummy with Mr. Dulles report that beneath the cold and rather awesome exterior lie all the warmth and sensitivity of youth. But for the majority there is only that awesome exterior. When he is asked a question at the press conference or the occasional background briefing, Mr. Dulles's wide and mobile mouth seems to take on a deeper droop and his eyes blink more rapidly (an affliction, it is said, stemming from a childhood overdose of quinine). The answer, once commenced, is broken by long pauses during which Mr. Dulles gazes raptly upward, apparently oblivious of his audience. One is apt to conclude, as Wallace Deuel of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* once did, that he has nothing more to say "except possibly to the ceiling." Then he returns to the answer, which usually proves to be a pretty lengthy one.

But the average newspaperman has accustomed himself to almost any form of eccentricity. Probably a more fundamental basis for Mr. Dulles's press troubles is the struggle that always exists between press corps and officialdom but has reached a new pitch since Mr. Dulles's appointment. In this battle the newspapermen are not altogether sure by what rules Mr. Dulles intends to play.

One odd incident occurred shortly after Mr. Dulles took office, when he journeyed to Europe to assess NATO and the proposed European Defense Community. Before long, a series of news stories began to appear back home, written by highly reliable American journalists in Europe, stating that the Secretary was laying down the law to European Foreign Ministers and issuing stern ultimatums that NATO and EDC commitments must be met or else. Strangely, however, the communiqués from the various European Governments to their embassies in Washington depicted a conciliatory Mr. Dulles, speaking in conciliatory tones, with little of the stern uncle about him. According to those in a position to know, neither the news stories nor the diplomatic communiqués had been concocted out of thin air. In fact, they both described Mr. Dulles accurately. Apparently Mr. Dulles was delivering a slightly different message to the people back home through the medium of the background conference from the one he was delivering to the Foreign Ministers themselves.

Look, No Rug!

The dilemma this poses goes to the heart of the journalist's trade. He needs to know—indeed, he must know—what is going on, preferably with as much of the behind-the-scenes detail as possible. In his pursuit, he has had to devise certain techniques by which he can pene-

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trate the inner sanctum of information without altogether seeming to. He has worked out with the government official, for example, the background conference, at which he is told many things, some off the record, which he may not repeat at all, others "for background purposes," which he must print pretty much on his own authority.

The honest reporter wants intelligence but he does not want to be an instrument for counterintelligence. He cannot allow his stories to appear to take on the artfulness of diplomacy. Above all, neither he nor his publisher can long countenance denials of stories for which he has no attributable source.

SUCH A CASE occurred last April when a group of State Department reporters treated Mr. Dulles to dinner and discussed highly critical matters of foreign policy on a background basis. The New York *Times* story resulting from this dinner party gave greater firmness to some of Mr. Dulles's ideas on Korea and Formosa than he had perhaps intended. Still the *Times* dutifully followed the rules of the game, citing no sources (and steadfastly refusing to do so, even during the recriminations that followed). But when Senator William Knowland of California scented new policies in the wind and indignantly called up the Secretary, Mr. Dulles promptly junked the rules. Without enlightening Senator Knowland about the background meeting, he said the *Times's* story wasn't true. On his dictation, the White House press secretary categorically asserted that such policies were "without foundation in fact." In thus jerking the rug out from under the reporters, Dulles betrayed the background conference; nor did he help much to allay Senator Knowland's suspicion. By nightfall there were abundant stories in print giving an unexpurgated version of who had said what.

Since then, there has been considerable effort to make sure that this particular sort of mishap does not occur again. But for the reporter the problem of interpretation continues. His analysis must necessarily fix Mr. Dulles at a certain point in time, comparing him to the Mr. Dulles of a former time and pointing ahead perhaps to the direction in which Mr. Dulles appears to be heading. His vocabulary fails him when Mr. Dulles, instead of moving forward or backward, only *seems* to move somewhere while staying in the same place, or even proceeds to move off nonchalantly in two directions at once. Joseph C. Harsch, one of the ablest foreign-policy analysts, made a detailed and excellent comparison of Mr. Dulles's United Nations speech with his earlier St. Louis American Legion speech, noting "the appearance of a real change in Dulles's policy." Perhaps there was. But later it come out that Mr. Dulles had drafted the U.N. speech while on the plane bound for St. Louis.

Life could claim the U.N. speech as a monumental advance toward foreign policy on "a moral basis," pointing out at the same time that Mr. Dulles "flattered his appeasement-minded listeners by blaming the world's troubles on their own favorite villain: not Communism but 'international tensions.'"

Such an easy reconciliation may be all right for a *Life* editorial writer, but it is something else for the reporter who is trying to illumine genuine, not fancied, meanings of America's foreign policy. How is he to write his story when he is told —confidentially, of course—that the State Department may be inclined to be softer toward Mao than toward Moscow? Should he run it straight on his own authority? Or should he succumb to caution and write that "certain informed circles" are trying to float a balloon that would make it appear that . . .? The reporter may reassure himself that a sanctioned device of diplomacy is to keep the enemy guessing. But he is apt to wonder just where to draw the line on a policy, or set of policies, seemingly designed to keep *him* guessing too.

Penalties of Popularity

In an attempt to explain the human element behind some of the reporters' troubles with Secretaries of State, Fred Collins, Washington correspondent of the Providence *Journal*, has ventured this distinction: "Acheson had arrogance in office; Dulles has vanity." Perhaps it is a form of vanity that causes Mr. Dulles to believe that he can ever be really popular with all of his constituents, particularly with Congress. He has done yeoman work in meeting, discussing, and in some cases compromising with Congressmen. During the Korean truce crises, for example, his regular Saturday morning conferences with the Senate Foreign Relations subcommittee on the Far East helped a great deal to keep more even tempers on Capitol Hill. But no amount of conferring or even of compromising will raise his popularity rating with Senators McCarthy, Bricker, and Malone. So far it hasn't even appeared to squelch the irrepressible enthusiasms of Senate Majority Leader Knowland.

Instead, when Mr. Dulles has appeared to be all things to all constituents, the Senators have gleefully rushed to box him in. They have quoted President Eisenhower against Dulles or Harold Stassen against Dulles or Dulles against Dulles. On key issues like foreign trade, the Mutual Security program, and the Bricker amendment, they have erected endurance courses of Mr. Dulles's deviations through which they make him run as frequently and embarrassingly as possible. A disturbing aspect of the Dulles who has won newfound popularity abroad is that he may be enjoying simply a short-lived euphoria while Congress is out of town.

FIFTY YEARS AGO a not altogether cynical reporter, Henry Adams, wrote that "The Secretary of State has always stood as much alone as the historian. Required to look far ahead and round him, he measures forces unknown to party managers, and has found Congress more or less hostile ever since Congress first sat. The Secretary of State exists only to recognize the existence of a world which Congress would rather ignore. . . ." Today, it would be difficult to find a Congressman who wants to ignore the world. But there are powerful groups in Congress that seem intent on ignoring great sections of the world while playing favorites with others. The man who wants to be a good Secretary of State, as opposed to a popular one, is not likely to find Congress much less hostile than it was in Henry Adams's time.

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The Ghost of LaGuardia Versus the Shadow of Dewey

ROBERT BENDINER

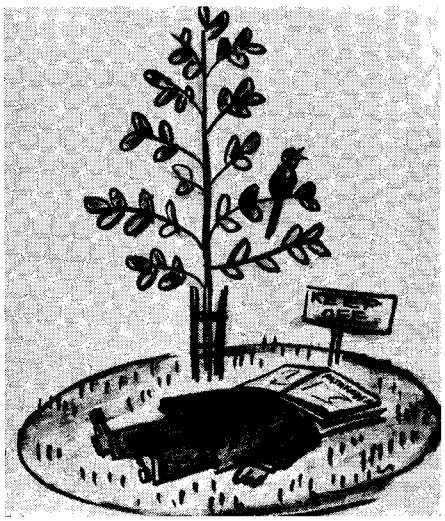
NEW YORK's mayoralty campaign, it is probably safe to say, has roused the city to a pitch of indifference unmatched since the last six-day bicycle race. Apart from party professionals and hopeful job seekers, people may favor this or that contender for the te ncy of Gracie Mansion, but there is in their choices neither the ring of conviction nor the joy of battle. Campaign funds are low, volunteer workers are generally scarce, and thin crowds, listening to thinner speeches, have little trouble keeping their enthusiasm well this side of passion.

The first proof of the city's lack of fanaticism on the subject came in September, when the vote of sixteen per cent of New York's enrolled Democrats proved enough to give Robert Wagner, Jr., a two-to-one victory over his arch-rival, the Honorable Vincent R. Impellitteri. Three-quarters of the party's two million enrolled voters found more absorbing matters to attract them on Primary Day than checking off a preference at the polls. Registration figures show that this same apathy, the dread disease of politics, has infected the ranks of Republicans and Liberals as well.

Road-Company Cast

No amount of exhorting by civic leaders is likely to draw the citizens out of their lethargy, moreover, for the plain truth is that the campaign has offered them little in the way of conviction, personality, or imagination. Indeed, there is a dull, mechanical, and tired quality about the whole affair that suggests nothing so much as a second-rate stock company going through the motions of a stale and outmoded drama.

Consider first the cast. In the role of LaGuardia we have Rudolph Halley, an estimable man, no doubt, but one who suffers by comparison with the original. Where Fiorello had volcanic energy, the showmanship of a Barnum, and color enough for ten candidates, Rudy has the brisk efficiency of a youthful and ambitious lawyer. Where the Little Flower inspired either devotion or passionate hatred, Halley inspires either cool admiration or a suspicion that he is nothing more than a young man on the make. Where LaGuardia came to the mayoralty



after years of fiercely independent whirlwind politics on the side of the underdog, Halley approaches it almost fresh from the highly lucrative practice of corporation law, interrupted only by his brief fling as a television prosecutor protected by the majesty of the United States Senate.

If Halley is still a wan reflection of the Great Dynamo, his opponents are even paler reflections of classic prototypes in the politics of New York. Bob Wagner is regarded by all who know him as a sober, honest, convinced apostle of the New Deal. But, linked with a line of distinguished New York Democrats who combined liberalism with organization politics—Smith, Roosevelt, Lehman, and Wagner the Elder—he too is a victim of the comparison he invites. A "nice guy," people say, but plodding, inspiring neither quotation nor dancing in the streets.

As the orthodox Democrat—in spite of a nominal independence based on feud rather than principle—Impellitteri has been a shadowy figure throughout his three years in City Hall, neither his sins nor his virtues having registered appreciably with the public. Those who have business with the Mayor generally find him amiable and courteous, but strangely out of touch with the city's problems. His technique is to pass such irritations along to his aides, a few of whom are competent, and then forget them once and for all. Typical of his airy approach was the attempt he made last year to save money and bother by turning over to the state the city's whole magnificent system of free colleges, a source of pride to New Yorkers for more than a century. When Councilman Stanley Isaacs, a Republican, reminded his colleagues that this would probably mean tuition fees of $400 or so and would give his party a crushing campaign issue, the idea was dropped as casually as it had been proposed. As a mayor, the Citizens Union finds Mr. Impellitteri "totally inadequate."

Perhaps alone among the candidates, Harold Riegelman, the Republican, lives up to the tradition of his predecessors. Except for a few mavericks like LaGuardia and New-

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bold Morris, it is for the most part a gray tradition of sober unknowns who emerge in August, lose in November, and are comfortably bedded down in their respectable businesses again by the end of the year. Who remembers Waterman, Pound, Goldstein?

The Liberal Dilemma

If there is more to this year's quartet of major candidates than appears in their records, it has assuredly not emerged in a campaign compounded of pointless insults and hollow promises, with anything like a real issue rarely peeping above the surface. As nearly as the pained observer can make out, the real battle lines take on something like the following pattern:

The contest between Halley and Wagner is the main show. Only if they knock each other out has Riegelman a chance to climb in over their prostrate forms. Beneath the surface this fight revolves around the old dilemma of independent liberals concerning the Democratic Party: Should they support it locally in spite of its Sutherlands and Roes, for the sake of what it can achieve on the state and national level? Or should they at all costs retain their independence and freedom of movement?

The Wagner argument is that his election will strengthen the New Deal-Fair Deal wing of the party; that if Wagner wins, that wing will dominate the state organization in 1954 and play a key role at the Democratic Convention in 1956. It is for this reason, and not out of sentimental regard for his name, that Wagner has received the blessing of such New Deal luminaries as Truman, Stevenson, Lehman, Harriman, and Roosevelt, Jr. At the same time, Wagnerites contend that only by working from within can liberals and good-government devotees hope to clean the riffraff out of the party and rebuild it to their own desire, as they have done on a small scale in Philadelphia.

To this line of thought, acceptable three years ago, the Liberal Party has turned extremely cool, to the degree that David Dubinsky, a New Dealer of unquestioned status, has unhappily fallen out with Mr. Truman. The Liberals see no possibility of a Democratic housecleaning unless and until it is forced on the party bosses from the outside. They have no confidence that Wagner can rise above his ties with Tammany to achieve the feat. Halley points out that Wagner would not govern the city with Harrimans and Roosevelts, but with a ticket headed by Larry Gerosa, a Bronx contractor of limited political reputation. There is no doubt that Halley's ticket, headed by such men as Eugene Canudo and Chase Mellen, Jr., is of much higher caliber.

Not much of this debate is carried on in the open. It is thought rather

too esoteric for public consumption. In open skirmishing, Wagner asserts, with some evidence, that Halley himself had made soundings for the Democratic nomination and had in any case invited Wagner to run with him on a Liberal-Democratic coalition ticket.

To the state CIO convention Wagner made the further point that "Until [Halley's] debut before the television cameras two years ago, he had no record of ever having heard of liberalism, of labor, of schools, and, in fairness, I must say they had never heard of him."

A Few Brickbats

In this strange four-way battle the skirmishing between Wagner and Halley is outdone in ferocity only by the exchanges both have had with the candidates of the Right. The Mayor set the pace early in his primary race with Wagner, when he revealed that Communism was "a menace right here in the campaign." Just how, His Honor didn't specify, but it is probably tied up with his expressed belief that both Halley and Wagner are "just this side of socialism." His crushing defeat by Wagner he generally attributes to Liberal "infiltration" of the Democratic primary, but at an Italian street festival in honor of Saints Cosmas and Damian he blamed Communists, which at least suggests that Liberals and Communists are pretty much interchangeable in his mind.

It is no great credit to Wagner that he, in turn, propounded the laborious theory that the Communists were backing Impellitteri in the interest of weak government. The proof was that they were attacking the Mayor, hoping in this backhand way to win support for him.

But for a campaign of really consistent inanity, the prize would seem to belong to the conservative Mr. Riegelman. There is something about a political scrap that seems to bring out the demagogue in Republican lawyers of substance and repute. In this regard Riegelman seems to be following the precedent that John Foster Dulles set when he tried to beat Herbert Lehman for the Senate by proving that he was not too snobbish to do a little common rabble rousing.

Riegelman's line of attack—probably the only exotic touch in the campaign—is that those "leftist Siamese twins," Wagner and Halley, are willing puppets, "dangling from the vest-pockets" of two "labor czars" who are engaged in a sinister plot to take over the city. To quote a bit of the gibberish directly, it seems that David Dubinsky, president of the International Ladies Garment Workers, "now aspires through his stooge, Mr. Halley, to be the unquestioned boss of all the people of New York." At the same time, Mike Quill, who heads the Transport Workers Union, is "playing for the power to paralyze New York City, the capital and nerve center of the world," for which purpose he must have the pliant Wagner in City Hall.

One or the other of these dreadful schemes is sure-fire if only the plotters can shake off our hero, Harold Riegelman, a dashing real-estate lobbyist of sixty-one, and his "good government team." Let either Wagner or Halley win, and the loot will fall into the laps of the villains—transportation to Quill, the police and in-

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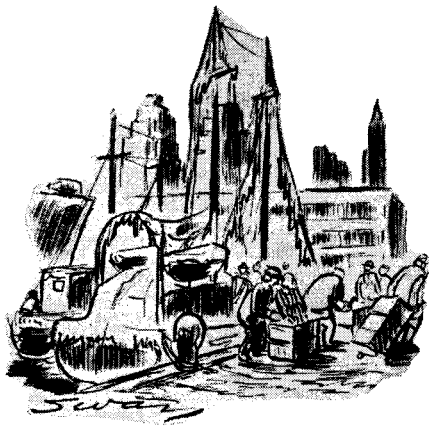

spectional services to Dubinsky. This is the same Dubinsky, by the way, whom Republicans praise without let or hindrance in those years when their party runs a coalition ticket with the Liberals.

And Lots of Promises

Even though this same infantile stuff, in a somewhat modified form, is being offered in the Republican candidate's behalf by Governor Thomas E. Dewey, it is apparently not considered enough to sweep a grown electorate off its feet. Voters, it is believed, want some idea of what a prospective mayor plans to do when he gets to City Hall. In this department all contenders are striving to outdo each other with promises. But Mr. Riegelman's gift list has a dreamlike quality that sets it apart.

What the Republican contender calls his platform includes such items as the following: "safe, decent homes—sufficient to shelter all our people"; "schools where young America can be taught in uncrowded classrooms by teachers unhampered by a politically dominated Board of Education"; "subways where we can ride with some shred of self-respect and dignity; and not like uneasy cattle being transported in jolting, crowded pens"; and "the good salt air of this seaside city, unpolluted by disease-laden smoke, dusty and noxious gases."

All this and more would be ushered in by upright city officials with the courage to "reduce the intolerable burden of unjust taxes." For Mr. Riegelman plans to trim the budget so effectively that by the time his term expires, the city will be running for $70 million less a year than it pays today. What is more, his social program, including low-cost housing, would be achieved with the aid of a Republican City Council President, Henry Latham, who in Congress has habitually opposed "do-good" legislation in general and public housing in particular. The program would be enacted, moreover, without recourse to the principles of the welfare state, which Mr. Riegelman at frequent intervals shudderingly repudiates.

IN THE ART of promising, Candidates Wagner and Halley are not far behind their Republican rival. Like him, they pledge clean, safe streets and parks, more and better schools, a thriving waterfront free of racketeers, a crackdown on crime and corruption, along with more money for civil servants and recapture of the transit system from the Transit Authority. But they do not promise to deliver at quite the low prices offered by Riegelman. In fact, Wagner sees no chance of saving any money at present, and not more than $21 million a year even in the future. By efficiency and by throwing "political bums" off the payroll, Halley thinks the job can be done for $50 million less than it costs under the hapless Impellitteri. He and Wagner suggest making up the deficit by raising the real-estate tax to two and a half per cent, with Halley throwing in "concessions to the owners of small homes and moderate priced cooperative apartments."

The Secret Mayor

In the light of all these promises, why the city-wide shrug of indifference? Simply because they are not and cannot be taken seriously. New Yorkers have heard them all before, and it is beginning to dawn on them that even with the best of intentions, the candidates cannot make good on their pledges. For the truth is that the biggest city in the world, with a budget larger than that of any of the forty-eight states, is not governed from City Hall but from Albany. With all its economic power, its cultural attainments, its vast metropolitan complexity, the city is not deemed competent to manage its own affairs. Its real mayor is Governor Dewey; its real councilmen are state assemblymen from specks on the map like Osceola, Cranberry Lake, and Shinnecock Hills. Its "home rule" charter is a pleasant fiction.

Take any of the promises at random. Could Mayor Halley really raise the real-estate tax? Of course not. The legislature has graciously consented to let the people vote on whether they want it raised from two to two and a half per cent, but it has already been decided at Albany that the city would get only half the increase in any case. And even if Mr. Halley could increase the levy, the state constitution would forbid the kind of "concessions" he has promised.

Mr. Riegelman may be carried away by dreams of dignity in the subways, but when he wakes up, he will recall that the subways have already been turned over to an independent Transit Authority, with New Yorkers given only the privilege of riding them and financing their capital expenditures. Mr. Wagner may earnestly wish to build more hospitals, rehabilitate the waterfront, and otherwise improve the life of New Yorkers. But without the power either to tax as the city government sees fit or to collect a fair share of state aid from Albany, his promises must evaporate at the first meeting on the budget.

New York's problem is the problem of every metropolitan area in the country. Better off than most big cities, it is nevertheless subservient to a rural state legislature in which its representation is held down by law. With eight million of the state's fifteen million people, it has less than half of the state's legislators. Since for obvious party

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reasons even this minority delegation rarely votes en bloc, it is clear that the city can hardly expect to pull its weight at the Capitol.

Halley and Wagner are of course aware of the magnitude of the problem. No one could be around City Hall for a month and not be aware of it. Both charge that Impellitteri allowed Dewey to take him captive after a little shadow boxing. But what they would do in the same position is still vague. Wagner has pointed out how the city has been systematically mulcted of taxes that rightfully belong to it—especially on pari-mutuels, cigarettes, and gasoline. And Halley has pledged himself to "battle the Republican legislature and the Governor until the fight is won." But neither has treated the relationship with Albany as the central issue it really is.

As a Republican, Mr. Riegelman slily suggests that "the state will be far more disposed to be liberal to a city in whose administration it has confidence." And as though to drive the point home, Governor Dewey has handed down the lordly judgment that none of Riegelman's three rivals "has enough capacity or knowledge to run a peanut stand." Riegelman apparently can count on crumbs from Albany, but Halley or Wagner would have to sit up and beg for them.

IT WOULD be extreme, of course, to argue that the mayoralty of New York has been stripped of all meaning, but there is no doubt that with demands on the city greater than ever before, much of its financial ability to meet them is gone. In the pre-LaGuardia days the social services expected were few and the standards of municipal government in most cities was unimpressive. LaGuardia himself was enormously helped by friendly Governors and by streams of Federal funds that no longer gush forth. But above all, Fiorello knew how to dramatize an issue, and to make noise until he got what he wanted.

Wagner and Halley have a first-class issue in Home Rule—Shadow or Substance? But New Yorkers won't get excited about it until another LaGuardia comes along to put it across. He just doesn't seem to have turned up in this campaign.

RIAS: The Voice East Germany Believes

EDMUND TAYLOR

RIAS, the U.S.-sponsored "Radio In the American Sector" of Berlin, is a curious mixture of the mysterious and the folksy. There is a beckoning hint of the ambiguous banality cherished by devotees of Eric Ambler in its austere, rather dilapidated, modernistic studios in a heavily bombed middle-class quarter of the city. Sometimes the hint becomes explicit. Leaving the building on a foggy night, for example, you are reminded by the doorman, without any special emphasis, to check the license plate of the taxi he has just ordered for you, and you sense that the shabby, furtive man with the pulled-down hat whom you pass on the way out may be either a top leader of the East German underground or a Communist spy posing as one.

On the other hand, the man is just as likely to be a returning war prisoner from Siberia who hopes that RIAS can locate his parents, a German hot-jazz addict who wants to discusss a request number, or the secretary of a local boosters' club that wants the RIAS band to play at a benefit. One minute you find yourself in the world of Eric Ambler and the next in that of Sinclair Lewis—and frequently the two worlds overlap. RIAS has successfully transplanted from Main Street a slightly Germanized version of the American civic-service tradition, and the station's employees are almost as proud of its role as a community institution in west Berlin as they are of its record in fanning resistance behind the Iron Curtain.

PERHAPS because of this duality of function, RIAS men wear their cloaks and daggers with unusual nonchalance. I once asked a member of the station's staff what they did when they had reason to believe one of their visitors from the East was a Communist spy.

"Well, if he's doing something serious, like trying to photograph other visitors, we call the police," the RIAS man answered. "Other-

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wise we may just ask him to leave."

Spies are as common a nuisance in Berlin as drunks are in New York night clubs, and it seems reasonable to handle them in about the same way. But somehow the answer is not quite what you expect. And yet in professional circles RIAS has long been recognized not only as the most successful of all official United States operations in the foreign information field but also as the epitome of dynamic "psychological warfare." Its aggressively anti-Communist programs are particularly admired by the more advanced American devotees of *Realpolitik,* and their effectiveness has been certified by such diverse authorities as Stewart Alsop; the *New Leader;* Representative John Taber, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee (who stunned State Department witnesses at a budget hearing last spring with the remark, "We don't need to spend much time on RIAS; we all know what a wonderful job it's doing"); Fulton Lewis, Jr.; and Gerhard Eisler, who, as East German propaganda chief, considered it necessary to spend more than RIAS's total annual budget of some $3 million just to denounce the station in the Soviet Zone.

There is fairly substantial evidence for believing that about ten million of the Soviet Zone's eighteen million inhabitants listen to RIAS regularly and that it is the favorite station of between eighty and ninety-five per cent of these listeners. In addition, it has a substantial "eavesdropping" audience in West Germany, and—though it broadcasts only in German—in several of the satellite countries as well. An American diplomat in Warsaw has reported the appearance in a circus there of a clown whose anti-social behavior was explained to the spectators by "RIAS" printed on his shirt.

RIAS broadcasts have forced authorities in East Germany to take action on a variety of issues ranging from restoring holidays and granting Christmas bonuses to workers to installing ventilators in a smoky factory and cleaning up a filthy washroom. The public prosecutor in an East German town was once so moved by a RIAS political soap opera about a Communist public prosecutor that he emulated its hero in releasing two prisoners he was interrogating and escaping with them to West Berlin. The station also deserves a large share of credit for the phenomenal success of the U.S. government's food-package campaign in Berlin last summer.

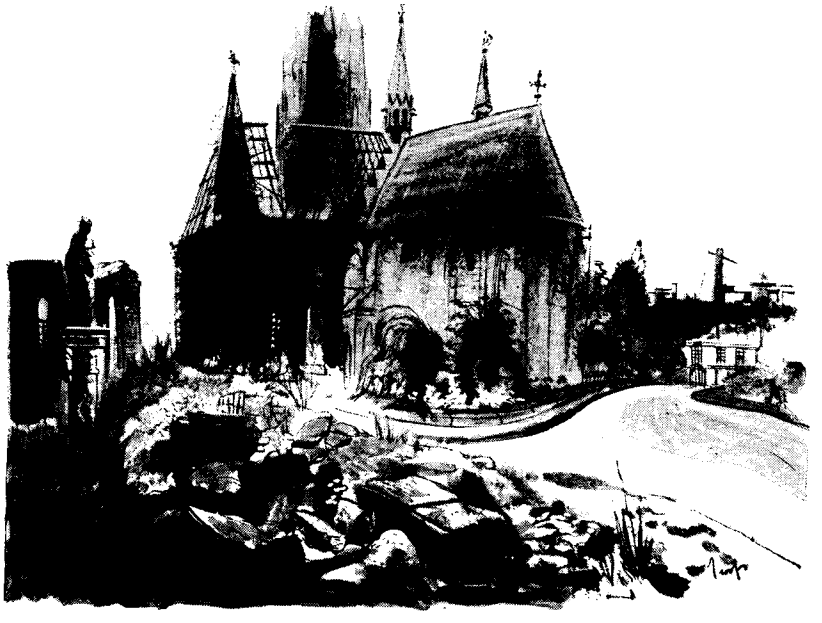
Although RIAS did not instigate the mass uprisings of workers in east Berlin last June, its special labor programs had been working up a mood of rebellion in East German factories since 1950, and when the storm finally broke in the Soviet sector of the city, the station was ready to exploit it. Sober American and Allied observers are agreed that RIAS broadcasts were the main factor in converting a local riot overnight into what was virtually a national revolution throughout the Soviet Zone—a revolution from which the discredited Communist régime has still not fully recovered. No "psychological warriors" in history have ever furnished a more dramatic illustration of their art.

At the Outpost

If RIAS were merely a relay station for the standardized broadcasts of the Voice of America, or even if it were closely responsive to the guidance of the master strategists in Washington, no particular lesson could be drawn from its success—as compared with the inconclusive record of most other government information programs—except that East Germany is an unusually fertile field for political propaganda. Actually, only four per cent of RIAS's programs are relayed from the Voice, and ninety-three per cent are produced locally by the station's staff of 480 Germans and six Americans. As to guidance from Washington, the staff makes a reasonably conscientious effort to hew to the official line, but since directives from headquarters reach Berlin from two days to two months after the events that inspired them, RIAS has to develop most of its own strategy as it goes along.

Thus, even after making substantial allowance for the unique position of Berlin as a western bridgehead behind the Iron Curtain and for the special psychological climate in East Germany, it is not unreasonable to conclude that the superior results achieved by RIAS over other information activities conducted by the U.S. government—and perhaps over those of all other governments—can only be explained by examining the differences between its operational methods and attitudes and those of other such enterprises.

As a former member of the psychological-warfare fraternity myself, I had long suspected that this was the case, but it was only recently when I returned to Berlin as a visiting journalist that I was able to measure the gap that separates the staff of RIAS from other practitioners of the same art—American or foreign—and to understand how much



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of the station's success can be traced directly to its respect for certain homely aspects of human reality that tend to be disregarded, both in our social science laboratories and in the Orwellian world of contemporary bureaucracy.

Sober with Power

The relationship first became clear to me in a conversation with Gordon Ewing, a forty-year-old native of upstate New York, who was the political director of RIAS for several years and now runs the whole organization.

We were alone in his office in the semi-deserted building late on a Saturday afternoon, and an early fog was already blurring the gaunt skeletons of the surrounding ruins. Ewing, a tall, slow-spoken man with a small mustache, used to be an English instructor in a Midwestern university and he still looks the part. He was reminiscing about his role in the events of last June. RIAS, he explained, had not called on the East German population to revolt, because that is not its style. But on the night of June 16, when he broadcast an appeal for a general strike that had been put out by the West German trade unions and accompanied the appeal with commentaries prepared by his German staff stressing the ineptitude of the East German police and the successful mob tactics of the Berlin rioters, Ewing was well aware that he would be pouring gasoline on the flames.

Ewing had no instructions from Washington and no possibility of getting them in time to do any good. He knew that if RIAS went too far it might conceivably start a world war. On the other hand, if its broadcasts were not militant enough he would certainly be blamed for missing the best opportunity to shake Communist rule in East Germany that had arisen since 1945. Neither of these two considerations, however, was uppermost in his mind when he faced and finally made his courageous and lonely decision.

"The thing that made me hesitate the most," Ewing confessed, "was the thought of the massacre that would take place if those Russian tanks really started firing into the crowds."

This is the kind of purely sentimental consideration with which our neo-Machiavellians have small patience, but the experience of RIAS demonstrates that it is sound strategy not merely to seem, but actually to be, a little sentimental at times. Over the years RIAS has systematically tempered its subversion of Communist authority with a humane regard for the safety of its listeners. At times it has deliberately passed up opportunities to make trouble for

the East German government when its staff did not think the political gain would be worth the cost in human suffering.

Instead of reading its audience sermons on the need for resisting Communist tyranny at all costs, it gives them technical instructions on how to resist it without endangering their lives. Instead of calling for a superhuman effort to overthrow the régime, it shows the inhabitants of the Soviet Zone how, with a little courage and a lot of ingenuity, they can band together to win limited victories that can make life under a totalitarian régime a little less harsh for them. The result is that RIAS listeners have developed great confidence in the station, and this is precisely what made Ewing's decision on the night of June 16 so dramatic.

"An occasion like that gives you a terrible sense of responsibility," Ewing remarked in his quiet, slightly hesitant voice. "It's all right for the advanced psychological warriors to tell you to give them both barrels, but when you know that your listeners will actually go out and do what you tell them, it makes you think."

For all his scruples and hesitations, there was nothing Hamlet-like about Ewing's eventual decision to broadcast the story of the east Berlin riots in a way certain to generalize the revolt throughout the Soviet Zone. This time, the calculated risk had to be taken, and Ewing took it deliberately. He was sure that the Soviet forces would not invade west Berlin, and he believed that they would not fire into the east Berlin crowds if they could possibly help it. He realized that eventually the revolt would be crushed, and that inevitably there would be many victims, but he felt confident that the spirit of resistance in East Germany would be immeasurably strengthened by even a temporary victory over the Communist régime.

Only history can tell whether the losses of the uprising—those who were killed at the time and those arrested in the subsequent repression—were justified by the gains. When you raise this question in talking with the RIAS staff, however, you get a great deal of light on the kind of men who are successful at persuading other men to risk their freedom and even their lives. In evaluating the results of the June uprisings, RIAS staff members may refer in passing to the important political objectives that they think were achieved—they seem to have no doubts on this score. But they are more inclined to talk about such intangible gains as the reawakened sense of human solidarity and the increased sense of personal dignity the East Germans won in their heroic struggle. As G. M. Gert, Ewing's enthusiastic American deputy, puts it, "The East Germans proved to themselves that men can be men, even under a totalitarian dictatorship."

One might be a bit dubious about this tendency to invoke the ethical implications of anti-Communist resistance, particularly in connection with other men's sacrifices, if it were not so obviously sincere, or if it were primarily the RIAS vocabulary of public rather than of inter-office communication. In fact, one of the remarkable differences be-

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tween RIAS men and most other political propagandists I have met is that whereas the latter talk among themselves in terms of interchangeable priorities and objectives and reserve their moral abstractions for public occasions, at RIAS the process is reversed: There is a great deal of talk inside the office about human dignity, talk that is finally implemented in broadcasts which stress better factory conditions or how to deal with Soviet tanks.

Anti-Communism Is Not Enough

RIAS is staffed by passionate political idealists, naïvely dedicated democratic activists. This is particularly true of the youthful German staff which sets the emotional tone of the whole organization. But their idealism is disciplined by several factors that save them from becoming merely political fanatics like their opponents. One of these factors is the almost religious respect that RIAS men have not merely for truth in the abstract but for plain facts.

When Herbert W. Kundler, an intense, bespectacled young German who manages RIAS's educational programs, wanted to say something nice about his American bosses, the highest compliment he could pay was: "You'd never know they were State Department men. They seem just like fellow journalists. Why, they get as excited about a big political story as any of us."

All RIAS men like to think of themselves primarily as journalists, and in many ways they are more like old-fashioned American crusading newspapermen than official propagandists. They are forever working some political point into a musical program, a sports event, or a variety show, but the news, in their eyes, is sacred. The station's exceptionally full program of world news is as balanced in selection as that of the British Broadcasting Corporation.

LIKE ALL GOOD journalists, the RIAS staffers realize that telling the truth involves more than avoiding deliberate lies.

"In this business," Wolfgang Kohl, RIAS's Soviet Zone editor, explained to me, "it's the little things that count. It's not enough just to tell people that Communism is terrible. You have to tell *how* it is terrible, and you must be right, down to the number of potatoes in the prisoners' soup. But sensing the exact mood of the people is just as important as accuracy about material details, and when the mood changes you have to alter your approach. A false emotional note shakes the listener's confidence as much as a wrong fact."

Kohl, a pudgy, rather Latin-looking veteran of Hitler's Wehrmacht, is particularly attuned to the mood of the Soviet Zone because he used to live there himself. In fact, he once wrote his scripts at home, with his wife smuggling them into west Berlin in her blouse. Like other RIAS editors, Kohl is greatly helped in his work by the two to three thousand letters the station receives every month from listeners in the Soviet Zone, and even more by a large number of visitors from the East who risk arrest by slipping into RIAS for a quiet talk whenever they have the chance. Some of these visitors occupy strategic positions in the East German government, and it is not uncommon for RIAS to broad-

cast the full details of a closed party meeting or a hush-hush official conference within a few hours after it has taken place.

This intimate contact with its listeners enables the station's staff to keep constantly in touch with political reality behind the Iron Curtain. But more than that, it helps them maintain the feel for human reality which both bureaucrats and political idealists are prone to lose. As a result, the people at RIAS often understand better than some sober American statesmen the restraints anti-Communist leadership must impose upon itself to be effective and the adjustments it must always be ready to make to changes in the political climate. They know that there are times, such as last June, when you have to take risks to exploit success, and times when you will lose the confidence of your followers if you keep urging them forward into danger. (The station's current line to the Soviet Zone, reflecting the recently intensified repression there, is: "Don't expose yourself."

They realize that freedom can seem a cold word unless it is warmed by real human sympathy and an understanding of human weakness. They know that even the most implacable enemies of Communism sometimes grow weary of purely negative opposition, that they need something to love as well as something to hate, and that the average man is reluctant to destroy what his own hands have helped to build, even if he has been forced to build it. Above all, they have learned that American nationalism is not a cause for which Europeans will gladly die, that to influence other men you must be willing to be influenced by them, and that you must adjust your objectives to their needs rather than call upon them to adjust their interests to your cause.

OUT OF ALL these lessons, RIAS has developed over the years a curious, flexible, almost Gandhian strategy of constructive subversion, a technique of open conspiracy against which the Communists seem to have no effective psychological defense. By constant probing, it has discovered in the conscienceless East German régime areas of political sensitivity that amount almost to a sense of shame. When Eisler, shortly after his return to Germany, denied in a press conference that any German technicians had been shipped off to the Soviet Union, a member of the RIAS staff telephoned the post office in east Berlin to ask how he could mail a package to a mythical uncle who he explained had been

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deported to Moscow. A postal employee obligingly gave him full instructions. RIAS recorded and broadcast the whole conversation, and two days later Eisler publicly retracted his statement.

When directors of the official East German youth organization announced that there would be free and democratic elections for local chairmen of the organization throughout the Soviet Zone, RIAS did not call on its young listeners to boycott or sabotage the elections. Instead it instructed them to insist on electing chairmen who would respect the avowed aims of the group by giving them sports and wholesale entertainment instead of political indoctrination. Naturally, there was a landslide for the RIAS-backed candidates. Then, when the Communist authorities attempted to invalidate the elections on various pretexts, RIAS attacked them so scathingly that they had to back down.

Leave It Alone

Time after time, RIAS has waged similar constructive yet insidiously dissolvent campaigns for limited social or economic objectives in East Germany, and time after time it has scored rapid, almost unbelievable victories, shamed the Communist authorities into keeping old promises, and frightened them out of undertaking new oppression—while winning the gratitude and confidence of its listeners.

It is hard to say whether this strategy of attacking Communism in terms of its own professed ideals and forcing the Communists to behave in an un-Communist way by seeming to take them at their word could be applied more generally in the broader framework of American foreign policy. Similarly, it is not easy to see how the organizational attitudes which are the secret of RIAS's phenomenal success in Germany can be adapted to the requirements of our foreign information program as a whole. At the very least, both these problems seem worth some serious study. While they are being studied, one bit of advice can safely be offered to the new officials who are reorganizing the American information services: Whatever else you do, don't reorganize RIAS.

Any Resemblance . . .

Lady Editor

MARYA MANNES

ONLY the United States and only the twentieth century could produce a woman like Constance Maybie, and only one adjective does her justice: remarkable. For Connie is a multiple being, living a number of lives each one of which, in other times and places, would have sufficed one woman from birth to death. She is the editor of a nation-wide woman's magazine, a TV guest, a smart dresser, a good cook, an excellent hostess, a mother, and a wife, in that order.

To the uninitiated, the metamorphoses from one life to another are dazzling. One moment Connie will be sitting in her large office (cinnamon and gray, the flowers always white), a small hat on her head, talking on one of three telephones,

now crisp, now rapturous, now tough; another she will be lunching with a famous obstetrician to plan the third article of a medical series, this one to be "Am I Sterile?" (Connie now the serious technical woman); later, looking a little older and harder than she is, she will be giving out graciousness and recipes for curried shrimp on a TV woman's program; later again that night you can find her entertaining eight distinguished people in her Regency apartment, drawing them out on China and waterfront crime; and still later Connie the wife will be calling good night to her husband Horace as he pads to his bedroom across the hall from hers.

Connie the mother is visible only on vacations and for a few weeks in summer, for her daughter Christine is at Smith and needs maternal attention only in those areas which affect her appearance and her social integration. Connie and Christine have posed a number of times in mother-and-daughter-like-sisters features in the fashion magazine belonging to the same publishers who print her own *Woman's Hour*, dedicated to better homes and minds in the thirty-to-fifty age bracket. Truly a remarkable woman.

EVEN more remarkable is the fact that Constance Maybie does not have to do all the things she does or be as busy as she is or earn twenty-five thousand a year. Horace had a pleasant income from a family industry when she married him and has since inherited an even pleasanter

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one and a house in Greenwich upon the death of his mother three years ago. But, fond as she is of Horace—and she is very, very fond—he has never been enough for her. His pleasant manners, good breeding, and country-squire appearance have been consistently valuable to her as "background," relieving her—as does the simple white Greenwich house—of the stigma of careerism and sophistication inconsistent with the wholesome suburban aims of *Woman's Hour*.

BUT BECAUSE Horace has little vitality and no ambition, his company is inclined to be enervating and his conversation—devoted largely to bird watching—boring to herself and her friends. Connie has never permitted herself this adjective, playing up as she does to "Horace's passion" by giving him expensive bird books as soon as they are published and diverting the conversation at least once an evening to migration. "Darling," she will say, "tell about those fascinating grosbeaks!" She is also very considerate in putting her young and inexperienced editors next to him at dinner, partly because they think it is an honor and partly to save her important guests for each other. These, having once gone through the amenities of meeting Connie's husband, seldom bother to speak to him again. In public they refer to the Maybies as a charming couple, usually adding "and she's so wonderful with him," as if he were a dog, or sick. In private they say "Poor Connie." Only the young and tender or the old and wise say "Poor Horace." Somewhere along the line, they feel, Horace could have become a man.

Whatever they think, people are forced to admire Constance Maybie for doing so much so well. *Woman's Hour* has never had more advertising or higher circulation or been more courageous in every field except the political, where its publishers consider an interview with Madame Pandit as far to the left as they dare go. Otherwise, Connie's policy has been one of unparalleled frankness. Few diseases, few human conditions or emotions have escaped its pages, and the faithful subscriber is now conditioned to finding a study of incest tucked between fall fashions and the confession of a nymphomaniac drug addict following an article on new uses for oilcloth. There is no thought of sensationalism in this; to use Connie's words, "women are people"—they deserve to know all.

They must also, and this is to Connie Maybie's lasting credit, feel all. No appeal, whether for Greek children or the prevention of forest fires, has been denied her editorial help, and a separate cabinet in her office is filled with medals and citations of gratitude for her efforts.

WHAT, then, is wrong about this remarkable woman, who works so hard and looks so well and leads a life of complete fulfillment? Nothing, really. If someone should ask whether Horace is really happy or whether Christine really loves her mother, the answers can be that Horace has not complained and that Christine is doing very well at Smith. Has Connie not made an attractive home for them? Does she not give them all she has—left over?

If one were to persist, one could find one other area of doubt. If Connie were ever to apply to herself the clinical attention which her magazine bestows on others, she would find one of the most dependent creatures in the world; dependent on people, dependent on things, dependent even on Horace. Constance Maybie can only do; she cannot be. Her identity is the sum of parts which, oddly enough, do not make up a whole.

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Quick, Watson, The Needle!

BILL MAULDIN

AMERICAN-BAITING in Britain is, by and large, much more subtle and refined than American-baiting on the Continent. A Frenchman will go out of his way to spit in a Yankee eye, and there's no mistaking his meaning. The sad thing about the British is that by playing it sweet and soft they often hurt the wrong victim. A razor-edged insult makes no score off a klunk invading the country solely to get his $2.80-to-the-pound's worth of fun and to see if it's true what he heard about the Piccadilly girls—he doesn't know his throat is cut even when he shakes his head.

On the other hand, the Yankee sensitive enough to feel the delicate edge of a British barb is most likely to be the very person who came to the isles with a thoughtful awareness of the reasons for its inhabitants' more valid resentments toward us and a sincere wish to do something about it. Traveling in Cornwall this summer, I was made to feel, more often than not, like a gentleman of color trying to make his way through Mississippi. I'm pleased to report, though, that if you keep your heart pure and your pluck up, the barrier can be broken through.

ONE EVENING in a Cornish village near The Lizard, trying to put up in a pub which advertised rooms, I was told by the owner that there were no vacancies. He refused me so politely that I didn't think it odd at first that there were no customers at table or cars in front, and when I pressed him about other accommodations in the village, he mentioned a family who occasionally took boarders, and directed me to their house.

"They probably need the money," he shot at me as I went out the door, and then I knew where I stood.

Well, his was the only pub in town, and after getting a room with the family, who sure enough must have needed the money, I patronized the bar for the next four days. Each noon I drank exactly two Guinnesses, no more, and each evening exactly two Scotches, in lonely silence, aware that I was being watched by owner and patrons—my landlord among them—for signs of Yankee drunkenness. I carefully refrained from striking up conversations or trying to play darts.

IT PAID OFF. On the fifth day the weather turned cold, and, working in my room with a typewriter, I tried to light the coal grate and was driven out by clouds of smoke ricocheting off a jackdaw's nest in my chimney. When the landlord allowed me to climb the roof with him and help try poking the nest out with a stick and when, this failing, the family invited me to work in the warm kitchen and even shared tea with me, I knew I was in.

In the pub that evening I dared order a third Scotch, and the proprietor, his voice somewhat strained and his eyes pugnacious, leaned over the bar to me and made the following eloquent speech.

"When you came," he said, "I had rooms."

"Don't give it a thought," I said. "I'm in with a lovely family and it all worked out for the best."

" 'Twas on my mind," he said.

"There's a contest for the best-decorated house in the village," his wife said to me. "The Coronation, you know. We wondered if you would act as one of the judges, being an outsider and not likely to have favorites."

My cup was running over.

News of my appointment got around fast that night. The decorations had all been finished a day or two earlier, and fifteen of the village's thirty-odd houses were contesting for what was in those parts the rather handsome first prize of five quid. Next morning fourteen of the entries were found to be blossoming with American flags. One house was practically hidden behind a venerable, ragged Old Glory fully ten feet long, and another had eight little ones, made of paper, strung under the eaves. The place looked more like the Fourth of July than Coronation.

BUT MY DUTY was clear. I nominated for first prize the lone entry which stood in British aloofness with no other decoration than an intricate GOD SAVE THE QUEEN! in flowers and moss by the front door. My fellow judges quickly approved my taste, and when I left town the landlord didn't even want to charge for my accommodations after the fourth day.

"When you moved into the kitchen and took tea," he said, "you became a guest."

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How Hi the Fi?
—Discs, Cycles, and Music

JAMES HINTON, Jr.

DURING the past five years the promotion of records and record-playing equipment has mounted to such a deafening crescendo of competing superlatives that the poor passer-by must wonder what all the shouting is about—and what, if anything, it has to do with music.

While no one in his right mind would claim to be certain of the answers, some facts are incontrovertible: More serious music is available on records than ever before, and the flood of releases shows no sign of slackening. More people are buying more records than ever before, and for more money; the total sales in each of the last two years reached a round $175 million. A bewilderingly wide variety of sound-reproducing devices fills the counters of vast new audio emporiums. The hobby of fitting components together into home sound systems, capable of getting the most out of records and also of distorting the music beyond recognition, is fast assuming the aspect of a national hysteria.

What it all means is anybody's guess, but one conclusion cannot be escaped: A broad cross section of the public is becoming music-conscious through audio, or audio-conscious through music, or both. If sanity—or consciousness, for that matter—can survive so radical an increase in the national decibel count, some lasting good may come of the audio phenomenon. And no matter what happens eventually, it is certain American musical taste and listening habits are now being subjected to tremendous and incalculably complex pressures.

The key selling points are long-playingness and high-fidelityness. It is the galvanic interaction between long-playing records and high-fidelity reproducing equipment that has stimulated the industry to its present state of glandular gigantism.

A certain amount of confusion is inevitable when a whole industry all at once discovers a fresh gimmick whereby the man who just came in to look around can be made to reach for his wallet. Established concerns hastily set up new pitches and hire new barkers, only to find themselves jostled on the midway by energetic newcomers to the carnival, I-can-get-it-for-you-wholesalers, snake-oil doctors, geeks, and vendors of pink lemonade. Needless to say, the record industry is no different simply because it deals in packaged art, and in these hectic days of LP and hi-fi it fits right into the pattern.

Unavoidably, the man who has decided to set himself up with a real high-fidelity system and a library of the best records has no easy syllogism to work out. To begin with, what do the terms mean? What is high fidelity, anyway? What makes a record "best"? He will find to his confusion that there is no common agreement, even among putative experts, about either technical or aesthetic standards.

This does not mean that high fidelity is merely a gimmick dreamed up to sell expensive equipment to the gullible or that some records are not actually demonstrably superior to others, but that the relationship of records and reproducing equipment to musical performances is extremely complex, and that musical performances in themselves are subtle occasions, elusive at best.

Defining 'Best'

In its genuine promotional enthusiasm, most audio and record advertising does not take this complexity into account, or, if it does, gives the reader a sort of verbal pat on the head, as if to reassure him all will be for the best. Actually, all may very well be for the best, but the best is not all that is claimed for it. Nothing could be.

Defined or not, "high fidelity" is still the basic term in the vocabulary of audio promotion, but it is now beginning to lose some of its

SOME HI-FI ARGOT

- **Audiophile:** One who would rather listen at home
- **Golden Ear:** One that can recognize hi-fi
- **Turntable:** The thing records sit on
- **Wow:** Tone flutters caused by uneven turntable turning
- **Hum:** Accidentally amplified sound of turntable motor
- **Needle talk:** Sound made by stylus munching a record
- **Woofer:** Speaker for low tones
- **Tweeter:** Speaker for high tones
- **Super-tweeter:** Speaker for supersonic tones
- **Bounce:** Reverberation of sounds
- **Presence:** Audiophile's illusion that reproduction is lifelike

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initial zip. So now we have "super fidelity," "unparalleled fidelity," and "master fidelity." There is the same vagueness about standards, but doubled in spades. The prospective purchaser is promised "living presence" or "a window on a live performance." Makers of twenty-four-inch table-model players claim to offer low-cost high fidelity, and binaural devotees buy space so that they can tell the single-channel audiophiles what they are missing.

No matter how efficient the products advertised in this manner are —and some are very efficient indeed —the confusion of claims can only discourage the man who has not the background or aptitude to understand engineering specifications (and these too can be doctored up a bit), but who would like to penetrate far enough into audioland to find a system that will enable him to get optimum enjoyment out of listening to music in his own particular living room.

Pretty nearly everybody in the record and audio-equipment industries realizes this; at least they all gripe semi-privately about claims made by companies other than their own. But high-fidelity terminology continues to present a virtually impenetrable maze of claims of superiority, semi-scientific gobbledygook, aesthetic sophistry, and flat misrepresentation of fact.

Fidelity to what? Well, the general idea is that a high-fidelity system should reproduce all the sound frequencies audible to the human ear, respond smoothly throughout this range, and be free of distortion when played at reasonable volume relative to its design. That is about all that can be said with confidence, and little enough it is. No two qualified spokesmen manage to agree completely on such matters as minimum range and minimum allowable tolerances in response and distortion.

Look at it the other way around, from the listener's viewpoint. The normal ear is theoretically capable of hearing frequencies as low as 20 cycles per second and as high as 20,000, depending on loudness. The lowest note on the piano is a 27.5-cycle A and the highest in the orchestra is the 4,499-cycle top D of the piccolo.

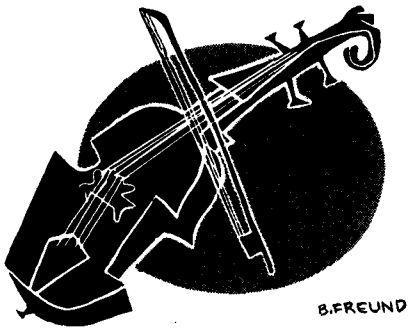
Non-high-fidelity systems, even those in the most luxurious old-style installations, cover the range between 100 and 5,000 cycles, which, until recently, seemed quite enough. But each tone has overtones that go right on up to the stratosphere, and it is these that give individual timbre to human and instrumental voices. The human hearing system supplies some overtones subjectively. The little speaker in a bedside radio, for example, cannot actually reproduce tones much lower than middle C on the piano; but you hear, actually create subjectively, a lot more bass than that, although not nearly all of it, and certainly not without distortion.

Most systems advertised as offering high-fidelity response are said to cover the frequencies between 30 and 15,000 cycles with only moderate distortion, although some manufacturers rate equipment as high fidelity if it has a distortion-free 8,000-cycle ceiling, and some claim lofty superiority because their speakers will handle anything up to 20,000, which is a little higher than the sound of a "silent" dog whistle. None of them is necessarily bilking the consumer, either. Happily, there is still a large subjective component in hearing.

The Factor of Balance

Nevertheless, to push the subjective approach too far and lay more responsibility than necessary on the ear—where just about all responsibility used to rest—would be analogous to claiming that because you can still taste with blisters on your tongue there will be no gustatory improvement when they clear up. The added range and responsivness of a good high-fidelity system are well worth the ordeal of being overadvised in advance and second-guessed after you have acquired it.

Do not forget, though, that all the



highs and lows in the world don't necessarily add up to faithful reproduction unless they are balanced so as to give an accurate aural picture of the music—and the accuracy of the aural picture depends not only on the engineer who designed the equipment but on the recording, the performance, and your own handling of the controls.

If you are going into high fidelity on a component-by-component basis, start with a good pickup arm and a diamond stylus. A year from now, the notes may come out crystal clear, but not if you have damaged the delicate surfaces in the meantime. And don't let a salesman talk you into a speaker system that would blow the armor off a battleship if what you want is one that will achieve an agreeable level of sound in your living room. Supersonic overtones may give your dog some sleepless nights and entertain your pet bats—if you keep bats—but the benefit to you will be nonexistent.

If you have read advertisements with too much credence and think that by going hi-fi you can metamorphose your home into a combination of Carnegie Hall and the Metropolitan, you may as well give the whole project up before you waste your money.

No matter how much you spend, a recorded performance is ever and immutably a recorded performance; and, no matter what its capacity for tweeting and woofing, a loudspeaker is a loudspeaker. Only our peculiar native combination of artistic naïveté and overweening confidence in technology would ever allow a person of ordinary intelligence to be seduced into believing otherwise.

The best you can get—and it is quite a lot—is a solid, dependable well-balanced system, suited to the room in which it is going to be used, and a collection of records that will

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live up to its technical subtleties while offering at the same time reputable performances of music that is intrinsically worth listening to more than once or twice.

Twisting Knobs

Both the high-fidelity system and the records can be bought. What happens from then on is a purely personal test of intelligence, character, rudimentary hand-eye-ear co-ordination, musical background, and—above all else—native sensitivity to organized sounds.

The musical rewards can be great, if you use the control knobs and switches so that they act to make the music sound as nearly as possible as music—the particular music—was intended to sound, and resist the temptation to use the music as an excuse for showing off the capacity that modern audio equipment has to produce shrieking trebles, thunderous basses, and decibel counts that not only cross the threshold of pain but slam the door.

True audiophiles are a race apart, although they sometimes indulge in miscegenation. They don't listen to music at all; they listen to high frequencies and low frequencies; and they buy records simply because the cult grapevine has put out the word that so-and-so's such-and-such is *really* hi-fi. I once saw a man turn off the whole middle register of his "rig," as audidiots call their pets, and sit contentedly through the Westminster *Pines of Rome* (formerly by Respighi) with nothing audible above 150 cycles or below 4,000; at least, he was still there when I ventured back into the room. He and his neighbors would be better off if he played with electric trains; but sado-masochism, like true love, knows its own pathways.

At the other extreme are those enthusiasts of recorded music who persist in the delusion that by sitting at home playing records over and over they are exhausting the possibilities of musical experience. Most of them give every other evidence of being both intelligent and musically perceptive; but—need it be said?—these are two qualities that do not necessarily impinge on each other.

To begin with, music is inherently an art in which the appreciator (horrid word, that) is, at his closest approach, already once removed from the primary creative source, the composer. The man who composes music can communicate only through the medium of a performance, and each performance is specific and different from every other. The variation between performances is—or, rather, ought to be—limited by the text, in which the composer has set down as clearly as he knows how a notation of what his musical intentions are. But even when a composer plays his own music faithfully there are infinite lights and shades of variation between any two performances. This is the life blood of music, that it is always renewing itself, always revealing new aspects of really ponderable creations.

A recording, at the very best, captures a single performance on the wing and mounts it for the delectation of posterity, or such a segment of posterity as gets a chance to hear it before it is dropped in favor of another performance possibly less illuminating but better preserved and mounted in better plastic. No matter how great the music is, no matter how worthy the performance, a recording is bound to diminish in value as soon as the listener knows exactly what is going to happen in it;

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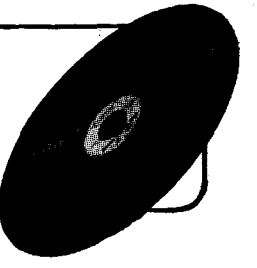

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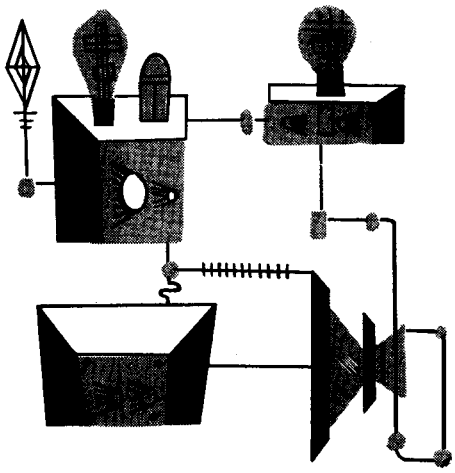
it may, in fact, be possible to exhaust the interest of a work in a single performance. The danger is that people who listen only to records are likely to jump to the conclusion that because they are tired of listening to Toscanini's performance of Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony* the work itself holds no more interest for them; having learned one performance by rote, they have finished with music that actually holds many more ideas than they have ever explored.

This may be an advantage in some ways, since it leads to a broader repertoire of works, but the concept of *the* definitive performance—*the* definitive recording—is a misbegotten one, and when recordings are chosen or rejected principally on ground of hi-finess or lack of it, the final effect on musical taste and understanding is destructive. To keep to the same Beethoven work, more about the music itself can be learned by playing the old low-fi recordings of Felix Weingartner and Willem Mengelberg than by reveling in the highs and lows of any one of the LP high-fidelity versions available.

Hi-Fi to What?

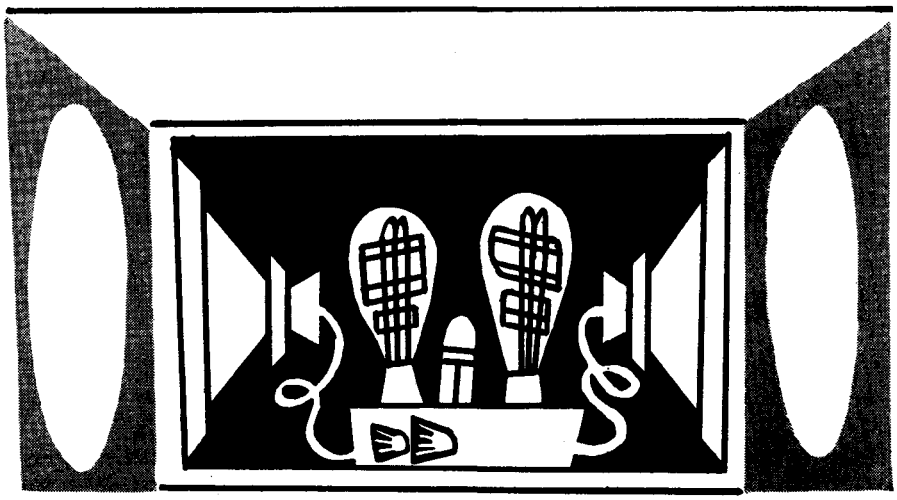
The advent of long-playing records, and, with them, of high fidelity for the general public, was a blessing in many ways. The lighter weight, the absence of intrusive breaks in continuity, and the more exciting range



opened the way to the circulation of much worthwhile music that is off the beaten pathways of commerce.

It also gave rise to many practices that may be profitable in dollars and cents but that are, from the aesthetic point of view, extremely questionable. The tapes from which LPs are made can be spliced and patched together almost without limit, and in recognition of hi-fi criteria many companies have released recordings that are aurally spotless but musically a patchwork of hundreds of different takes. The fi may be hi, but the integrity of the performance is not only compromised but destroyed, for the specific occasion is buried under a mass of tape.

Also in the interest of hi-fi pyrotechnics, but not necessarily of music, there is a tendency to get the



and brilliance of sound boosted sales; the widened market and the relatively inexpensive tape-recording technique used with LP made possible the advent of most of the 190 record labels now current and

microphones—and, willy-nilly, the listener—as close as possible to the performers. The gain in clarity is undeniable. First you are in the middle of the first violins; then you are wafted over to hear an oboe passage; now you are behind the horns. Is this the way music should be heard? Technicians ride the controls unceasingly, and neither balances nor audible sounds are what would be heard, could *possibly* be heard, in the concert hall. Again, high fidelity to what? To whose ideas? The composer's? The conductor's? The engineer's? Or to the extramusical caprices of the man with the high tweeter and the low woofer? As one recording technician complained during a New York-Philharmonic Symphony concert: "What's wrong with them? They got no highs." Well, yes, they do too; you can hear them on records. Or maybe a symphony orchestra isn't really hi-fi. Or maybe Carnegie Hall needs a boost in the tweeter department.

For those who really care about music there is food for thought here. Perhaps the engineering acrobats at the audio controls are opening new areas of valid musical experience. I, for one, doubt it. What has electronic science accomplished by eliminating distortion of a technical nature if it substitutes distortion born of opportunistic, willful, or merely ignorant exhibitionism?

Nevertheless, the claims made for new technological advances in the reproduction of sound are by no means all spurious; and, judged by the standards applicable to performances heard through an electronic network rather than in a concert hall or opera house, many recordings that are promoted on high-fidelity grounds also present good music honestly and well. The very sensuous pleasure in noise and the very fascination with gadgetry that seem so deplorable are leading many people who never before cared a rap about music to buy records and listen to them. Perhaps some of them will be inspired to go to a concert some day; perhaps some of them may even be moved to try making a little music themselves.

Whatever the final effect of high fidelity on our musical life, it would be foolish not to take careful advantage of present achievements while waiting for the semantic tangle to be resolved and for artistic probity to win its battle against sensational exploitation of the frontiers of audibility.

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After Bread and Wine

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

A HANDFUL OF BLACKBERRIES, by Ignazio Silone. Translated from the Italian by Darina Silone. *Harper. $3.50.*

WHEN a Communist breaks with the party it is clearly convenient, for the Communists, if he drops—like a quarter, a dime, or a nickel in a pay telephone—into a well-established anti-Communist ideological position. Then, to explain his apostasy, all they need do is consult their equally well-established files and extract a folder, "Catholicism," "Titoism," "Social Fascism," "Bourgeois Pseudo-Democracy," or what not. Explanations that are not fundamentally different—the reverse of the same medals—will occur to anti-Communists welcoming the lost sheep into the carefully tended and well-fenced-in fold.

The hero of Silone's new novel, Rocco, has been a Communist leader in what he saw as the struggle of land-starved Italian peasants against their landlord oppressors. He leaves the party when, like many another honest man, he can no longer stand its dishonesty. But he does not leave the peasants. And he is converted to nothing. What can the Communists say? All they can do is to use Rocco's own words against him, excerpted by Silone from a page of their bible: "The more an action resembles something the Party might conceivably do, the more treacherous and vile it is, if performed without the knowledge and against the will of the Party." That logic only works when a man is still in the party. What can a Communist say to a man who continues to do what he once thought the party was created to do: stand firm with the poor?

IN THIS NOVEL the hero, as other men have done, leaves the Communists behind him together with all their arguing and all the boredom of their insufferable pride. But what is strange is that he does not become one more "ex-Communist." An even stranger thing happens: The protagonist of Silone's novel, the man who is in the midst of the book's action, gets out of the book altogether, vanishes. Until the end of the book he is there all the time in the pages, and yet it is as if he had disappeared entirely.

And so there remains only what is of real importance: the Italian peasants. The book becomes a book about them and then everything is fresh and clean. The protagonists are the poor. Deliberately or not, Silone has spared us one more story about the Communist who loses his faith.

When a man is as good a writer—as compassionate a man—as the author of *Bread and Wine* and *Fontamara,* he always ends by getting away from political argument, and almost from any story, in order to talk about the things which count most to him: bread and wine, the bitter waters of suffering, the barren hills and the little fields which the peasants have won back from the ravined earth. That is why formal defects in *A Handful of Blackberries* do not matter. Characters who have no business doing so speak with the author's irony. Characters to whom one could not conceivably attribute the author's most conspicuous talent habitually employ his poetic speech.

What counts is that there should be this poetic speech—simple and tender, its poetry never faked. We do not care who utters it, for soon its interest becomes no longer that of speech. Speech serves its function and we see: the old man Cosimo coming to till his field, and the rich man's servant barring the only path by which he can reach it; Cosimo and his sister Caterina, the carabiniere threatening her with jail because she gave a piece of bread to a hungry wanderer, and then returning, after the fortunes of war have turned, to offer her a medal for having given that same bread.

SILONE wrote that story for us in *The Reporter* four years ago (Sept. 27, 1949), and here are its irony and pity, woven into a book which makes the peasants of San Luca known to us, each one of them so

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1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Max Ascoli, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Max Ascoli, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.; Managing editor, Al Newman, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.; Business manager, Al Badler, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

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5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

MAX ASCOLI, Editor and Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of September, 1953.

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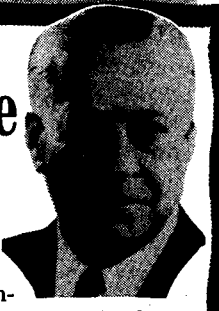

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well that if we traveled there and looked down on the village from the burned-out woods on the hill above it, the figures down below could be given their names.

Once there had been a forest on the hill. The villagers thought of it as communal land. They were mistaken. Because of that mistake men were put in prison, driven into exile. Desperate men murdered and were killed. One night flame roared high in the forest. The villagers say they saw the hated figures of the landlords, dead and alive, writhing in the flames. The wood was gone. Hatred and hope remained. "It was burned. Hell took it back again. Now we have nothing more to dream about." "There are the meadows alongside the river," said Francesco. "And if you go farther, there's the plain. The young folks dream about the plain. There'll always be something to hope for."

Fascism came, and the war, and after the war the liberation people—and the Communists—said that everything would be different. "The old wizard [Mussolini] has gone," said Baldassare. "Soon there'll be another." "When one Pope dies, they've always made another," answered Berardo. "That much we know."

It is great honesty in Ignazio Silone to say that after long devotion, political and personal, to the cause of the poor he still does not know more than Berardo. Like the hero of his book, Silone may feel that he is standing before a great wall. Like Rocco, Silone won't turn back. The poor cannot turn back and Silone stands with them. Some day, perhaps, someone will make an opening in that wall and he or his methods may have a name.

Then ". . . you walk out of the dead end into the open air."

Rocco wants to know who will make the opening, and in whose name.

"That's not important, it seems to me," said Lazzaro. "I don't think it's important to give it a name. Do you really need to give it a name?"

EACH one of us in our heart can name it as we choose. It will be discovered only if we search for it in the spirit that fills this book with love.

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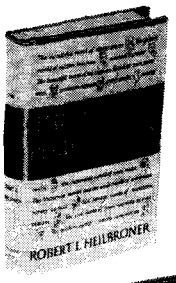

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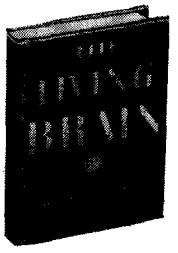

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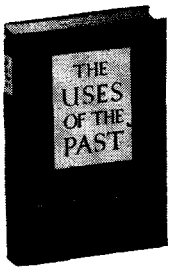

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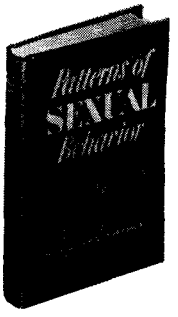

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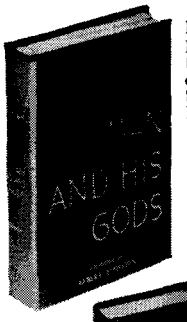

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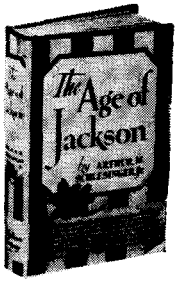

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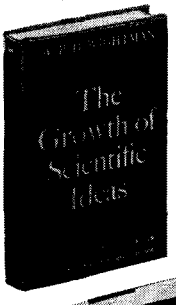

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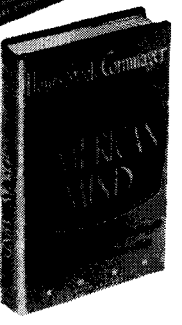

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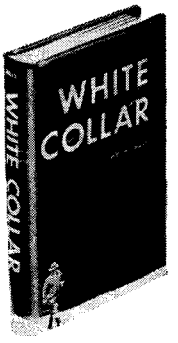

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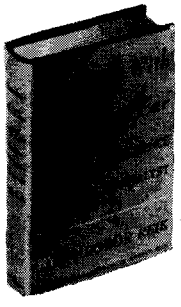

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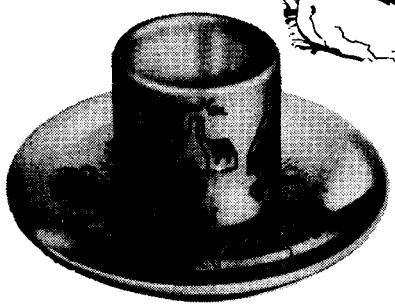
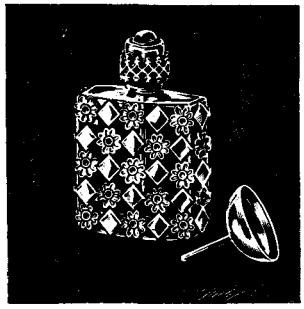


From Denmark

Denmark's most prominent black-and-white illustrator created this delightful scene for this ceramic set, especially for members of the Around-the-World Shoppers Club. Each piece is signed by the artist himself and the set is fast becoming a real collector's item.

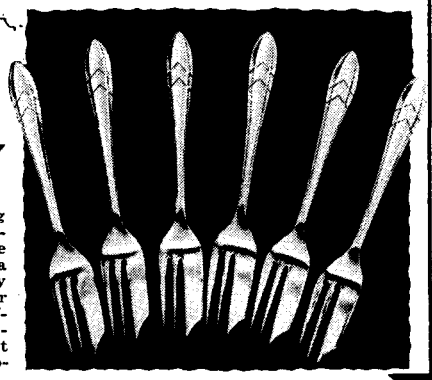


From France

Where but in Paris would one find such an enchanting *frivolité* for milady as this dainty perfume flacon! We discovered it in a small studio in the city . . . a perfect little thing of etched metal and gleaming blown glass—with its own tiny metal funnel for transferring your scents. It is purse-sized for handy carrying, yet it also makes the most adorable ornament for the vanity table.

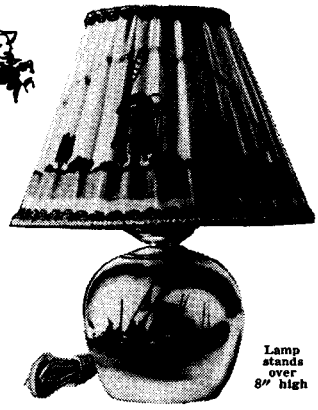
From England

This exquisite 6-piece setting of silver-plated English pastry forks was forged in the ancient city of Sheffield, a name that meant fine cutlery before Columbus sailed for America! An honored Sheffield firm made up this exclusive design at our request for Around-the-World Shoppers Club members.



From Holland

In our search for fine *Delft's Blue* articles, we went right to the source—Holland—and found this beautiful twilight Dutch lamp. How they get the shimmering blue and white effect in both the base and the shade is a closely-guarded trade secret; all we know is that it is hand-made, hand-painted and utterly charming!



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